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"Off Half Moon Reefs."

A YARN OF KNUCKLES AND BRAINS *vs.* KNUCKLES AND BRAINS.

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Omar Revised

By the Editor

XII.

A book of Verses underneath the Bough
A Jug of Pop, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness;
Oh, Wilderness were Desolate enow!

XVIII.

For irrigation use it's on the Blink
That corner Store where Glasses used to Clink
And Hoolihan, the Cop that walks the Beat
Raps on the Door but cannot get a Drink.

LIV.

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit;
Of this and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with a Glass of Milk
Than sadden after one; or better, Fruit.

LVIII.

And lately we heard from out the Dark a Wail,
Then Treading thruout the Dusk an Angel Pale,
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid us taste of it; 'twas Ginger-ale.

LXI.

If Bevo be the juice of Wheat, who dare
Blaspheme the amber Liquid as a Snare
To trap the man that's seeking four per cent?
Who'll try—but say, who put that Bevo there?

LXIV.

Tough, is it not? that of the Thousands who
Before us pass the door of Murphy's thru,
Each one returns and dilates by the hour
On the Dry Road that we must travel, too.

LXXI.

The Senate writes: and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit,
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

LXXIV.

Yesterday This Day's Dryness did Prepare;
Tomorrow's Silence, Triumph and Despair.
Drink Water; then you'll know from whence you came.
Or Milk; then why you go, and where.

LXXXIX.

"Well," says Clancey, "let whoso make 'r buy,
Me Corpse wit' Phrohibition is gone d-dhry,
But fill me wit' the old familiar hooch
Methinks Oi moight recover bhye and bhye."

XCV.

And much as Wine has played the Infidel,
And robbed us of our Robe of Honour—Well,
We wonder often if the Milkmen bathe
In stuff less watery than the Milk they sell.

CI.

And when like us, Oh, Clancey, you shall lock
Your door and hasten quick around the Block
To Murphy's place to have a nip or two,
And reach his Door—well, you shall knock and knock!

Luck in Odd Numbers

Letter From Percy Palaver to Miss Beatrice Bond, South Kensington.

March 1st.

BEAUTEOUS BEING—I can remain silent no longer. Out of the heart the mouth speaketh—and the pen writeth. I love you. I think about you all day. I dream about you all night. You are the only woman I ever could love. Life of my life, heart of my heart, soul of my soul, will you be my wife?

Yours for ever and ever, PERCY PALAVER.

Letter From Miss Beatrice Bond to Percy Palaver, St. James Street.

March 14th.

Miss Beatrice Bond is in receipt of a communication from Percy Palaver, in which Mr. Palaver inquires if Miss Bond will be his wife. Bond desires to state that she is unable to comply with Mr. Palaver's request. Mr. Palaver's letter has not been acknowledged before this owing to the demands of previous and subsequent correspondence. BEATRICE BOND.

Letter From Percy Palaver to Miss Caroline Chance, Eaton Square.

March 15th.

Beauteous Being—I can remain silent no longer. Out of the heart the mouth speaketh—and the pen writeth. I love you. I think about you all day. I dream about you all night. You are the only woman I ever have loved. You are the only woman I ever could love. Life of my life, heart of my heart, soul of my soul, will you be my wife?

Yours for ever and ever, PERCY PALAVER.

Letter From Miss Caroline Chance to Percy Palaver, St. James Street.

March 17th.

Dear Percy—You dear, amusing boy! Always up to some little joke! Your last letter was very amusing. I showed it to mamma, and papa, and little sister, and big brother, and they all enjoyed it very much. But no one appreciated it more than Jim Jamm, the gentleman to whom I recently became engaged. He wants to meet you. Drop in some time and see us.

Yours sincerely, CAROLINE CHANCE.

Letter From Percy Palaver to Miss Gwendolen Gush, Grosvenor Place.

March 18th.

Beauteous Being—I can remain silent no longer. Out of the heart the mouth speaketh—and the pen writeth. I love you. I think about you all day. I dream about you all night. You are the only woman I ever have loved. You are the only woman I ever could love. Life of my life, heart of my heart, soul of my soul, will you be my wife?

Yours for ever and ever, PERCY PALAVER.

Letter From Miss Gwendolen Gush to Percy Palaver, St. James Street.

March 19th.

Sympathetic Soul—Your letter has come, so my answer must go. You love me? I love you! You think about me all day, and dream about me all night? I think about you all day, and dream about you all night. I am the only woman you ever have loved, or ever could love? You are the only man I ever have loved, or ever could love!

Life of my life, heart of my heart, soul of my soul, I will be your wife!

Yours for ever and ever, GWENDOLEN GUSH.

Clipping From the London Times:

Married—At the Church of St. Valentine, Gwendolen, third daughter of John and Mary Gush, to Percy Pinkham Palaver.

—Translated From the British of A. Skiffington Squear.

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

He Got Them.

"What is the baby crying so about, Katie?"

"The master's shirt-studs, ma'am."

"Why don't you let the little dear have them, then?"

"I did, ma'am, and he's swallowed 'em!"

It Often Happens.

"Yes, Jack and I are engaged," said Doris to her friend Ethel. "Do you know, our first meeting was quite romantic. I was walking in the park one wet afternoon when he stepped up and offered me his umbrella."

"I see," said Ethel; "he was caught in the rain."

The High Cost of Language.

"Hey, Bill!"

"What is it?"

"Your doctor's out here with a flat tire."

"Diagnose the case as flatulency of the perimeter, and charge him accordingly," ordered the garage man. "That's the way he does biz."

Not to Be Blamed.

He—A self-made man is common enough, but we seldom hear of a self-made woman.

She—Well, considering the kind of article the men in the self-making business turn out, you can hardly blame us women for not taking it up.

Better Stay in the Frying Pan.

"I'm having trouble in supporting my wife."

"You don't know what trouble is. Try not supporting her."

Maybe Not.

"I must say," remarked the derisive person, "that a man looks ludicrous in the clothing his wife goes out and buys for him."

"Maybe," replied Mr. Growcher, "but not any more ludicrous, in my opinion, than his wife looks in the clothes she goes out and buys for herself."

Good Enough.

"The reason you don't like good music," said the musical crank, "is because you don't understand it."

"Well," replied the matter-of-fact man, "isn't the fact that I don't understand it a pretty good reason for not enjoying it?"

Word to the Wise.

"What are you cutting out of the paper?"

"About a man getting a divorce because his wife went thru his pockets."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my pocket."

A Mind for Detail.

"Do you think airship passenger service will become thoroly practical?"

"I dunno," replied the railroad conductor. "How are you going to stop and throw a man off if he refuses to pay his fare?"

His First Meal.

Mother was giving baby his daily vocabulary drill.

"In the morning when we eat what meal is it?"

"Oatmeal," was the lisping answer.

$13.95 Goodyear Raincoat Free.

Goodyear Manufacturing Company, 4108 Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to their friends. If you want one, write today.—Advertisement.

Brain Teasers.

Charade.

384—My first is a preposition; my second, weight well known;
Without my whole I wonder how your garments would keep on?

Changed Headings.

385—Change the first letter and make of learning a center; tender, to be afraid; a suitable companion, destiny; not heavy, not loose.

Certain Pens.

386—1. A pen that is hanging.
2. A pen that begins a stated allowance.
3. A pen that is sorry.
4. A pen that is in the Bible.
5. A pen that is a bird.
6. A pen that began a State.

Four-word Square.

387—1. To ascend.
2. A holly tree.
3. Half.
4. A way out.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

380—Numerical Enigma.

Franklin Pierce.
(France, pier, link, neck, leap.)

381—Anagram.

Success.

382—Metamorphosis.

1. Camp, tamp, tame, tape, type.
2. Call, hall, hull, hurl, hurt.
3. Path, pate, date, dote, dose.
4. Card, hard, hand, hind, hint.
5. Book, cook, cork, cord, card.

383—Four-word Square.

Y E L P
E S A U
L A I T
P U T S

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Ivoryesque.

"This speech of mine is getting to be a hard piece of work," confessed Senator Sorghum.

"You ought to boil it down," said the friend.

"I've been trying to. But a speech is often something like an egg. The more you boil it the harder it gets."

Strange, If True.

Property Man—The stage is about to be uplifted, Mike.

Electrician—How do you get that way?

Property Man—This here prop list for that there farce-comedy company in the office doesn't call for a bed in any way, shape or form!

Ambiguous.

"Do Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London, and the Earl has cabled me to 'come across'."

"Well?"

"Does he want me or my wad?"

HOMESPUN YARN

Consider now the useful spud,
Which strengthens muscle, bone and blood,
I pray you peel it very thin,
The richest part is next the skin!

A coat of shellac once in a while makes the linoleum look like new and saves the pattern.

It's good economy to use up leftovers, but it's still better to plan so there won't be any leftovers.

Short of dust cloths? Nothing better to make them of than old lisle or silk stockings, especially if several are padded together.

A little hint dropped now and then as to the desirability of a water system in the farm home, like the little seed, will grow and produce fruit.

Every woman will want the aster bulletin which the State College of Agriculture at Ithaca has just issued. A postal-card request for F 152 will bring you a copy.

Rural school teachers who have planned to supplement the cold lunch carried from home with some hot soup or cocoa prepared at school, testify that pupils are healthier and make better progress in their school work.

DUAL PURSUITS

By Louis Fried

Casey was a baseball pitcher as well as a convict. So they secretly took him out to pitch a game. It was a pardon if he won and back to his cell if he lost!

THE game between the two convict teams had ended with the Cracksmen victorious. The penitent multitude joined in by their shepherds—the guards—were emitting rousing cheers for Cornelius Casey, whose brilliant hurling and hefty clouting of the ball, particularly his home run in the last inning, had spelled defeat for the Secondstory Men.

Casey basked in the applause and bowed in major-league fashion in acknowledgement. His salaaming was not without ulterior designs, for viewing the game from the grand stand was the warden and a group of his friends, official-looking personages, and these Casey wished to impress and make them aware that he existed in the world. There grimly loomed before Casey four more years of a sentence of five he yet owed the State, and he would not be averse to having the Governor cancel the indebtedness.

Fans and players were marched back to their barred quarters, made grayer and gloomier by the hour of semi-freedom in the balmy outdoors.

In the solitude of his cell Casey indulged in one of his remorseful moods, which of late oppressed him more and more. Sadly the panorama of past years flashed before his mind. But two years ago he was a semi-pro ball player in a backwoods circuit, earning a respectable salary; and there was Stella Conroy, to whom he had become engaged. The outlook for the future had seemed bright.

But his was the age-old story of immodest ambitions. Not being content with the gains from the diamond, he let doubtful friends persuade him to adopt a nocturnal calling—that of blasting the safes of the business men who seldom missed their opportunity to cheer him on the diamond.

Casey blamed the loss of his liberty and the chance to pursue happiness to the double-crossing of Fate. When he had become engaged to Stella he resolved that after he had robbed the Bunkerville feed store he would forsake his nocturnal sideline. But the town marshal casually intruded himself on the scene of Casey's last operations, and not many days later an unappreciative judge farmed him out to the State penitentiary for five years.

It was the grief he had caused Stella that tortured Casey's soul in his sombre, reflective moments. The disclosure of his dual pursuits and his subsequent conviction were terrible shocks to her. But being one of those rare, old-fashioned girls, had Casey got a life sentence she would have resignedly sentenced herself to lifelong spinsterhood. It was her tearful presence in the courtroom which moved the judge to sympathy, and which prevented another five years being tacked on to Casey's sentence.

In the midst of his lugubrious abstraction Casey was startled into a more normal realization by the click of his celldoor lock.

"You are wanted in the warden's office. Come along with me." The command of a guard penetrated his ears.

Interviews with the warden are not the regular order of the day, so Casey should be pardoned for an overpowering curiosity.

"What's being cooked up now?" he queried of the guard.

"Search me. You will soon find out," the other replied.

Casey was led into the soft-carpeted, sumptuous-appearing office of the warden. Besides the warden, a tall, square-shouldered man, there was also present a sleek-looking, well-nourished individual.

The moments were ages to Casey as he stood at attention, waiting for the warden to speak.

"Casey," the warden began, "Mr. Davis here, is mayor of Gulchberg, and he is also manager of the Gulchberg Giants. His team plays Medicine Lake tomorrow for the deciding game of the county championship, and he happens to be sorely beset for want of a pitcher. He was exceedingly impressed with your performance against the Secondstory Men this afternoon. He would like to use you in tomorrow's game. Would you care to go along with him for that day?"

"Young man," the mayor of Gulchberg added, "if you can duplicate the article of ball you have displayed this afternoon, well, all I can say now is that I have some influence with the Governor of this sovereign State."

Casey was for a moment too stunned for speech, for Gulchberg was the town where Stella had gone to live in after his conviction. With eyes dimmed from joy he grabbed the mayor's hands and wrung them.

"Mr. Davis, if I don't deliver the goods tomorrow," he said in a choking voice, "you will please use your influence with the Governor to make my sentence a life one."

"Now, I myself am not making any promises, Casey," the warden interposed, "but the mayor believes he can make the Governor see things in a certain light. As a prisoner you have been a paragon; of course, that will be marked up to your credit. I want your word of honor that you will come back tomorrow evening on the 8 o'clock train. You are too sensible to do otherwise."

"Warden," Casey replied with emotion, "you're the squarest man, and the last thing in the world I'd do is to break my word to you. I'll be back tomorrow on the 8 o'clock train as you say."

That night Casey, accompanied by Mayor Davis, took the train for Gulchberg, and in two hours arrived at their destination.

Never in the Palmiest Days of Safecracking Had He Beheld Picking Like This.

The mayor piloted Casey to the Famous Hotel and saw him safely registered.

"Good-night, Casey. Don't stay up too late, and tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock report at the ball park office; there will be a practice work-out. I hope you will not be homesick tonight?

As the mayor was on the threshold going out, a group of lobby loungers besieged him and begged for crumbs of information as to tomorrow's game.

"Have you unearthed a pitcher to take Hicky's place?" one of the natives queried. Hicky was the local star pitcher who had chosen to get hurt at an inopportune time.

The mayor-manager of Gulchberg nine replied: "Don't you fellows lose any sleep by worrying over a pitcher. I shall have a surprise for you tomorrow. I will only say this much now, by tomorrow this time the pelts of the Medicine City Wildcats will be stretched out and hung up to dry."

The crowd responded with exuberant yells at the mayor's prophecy.

HIS abrupt transference from a dismal, dark cell into the glamor and whirl of the crowded hotel lobby made Casey wonder if it was not after all another of those happy prison dreams, which the matutinal gong usually brought to grief.

The conversation in the lobby, which Casey could not help overhearing, had but one burden, and that was the deciding game for the county championship between the two teams—jealous rivals for many years past. If the chatter in the lobby was a criterion, then the whole town was baseball mad. Groups of natives were conversationally playing next day's game in advance, and with aid of pencil and paper were making hypothetical permutations which usually ended in defeat of the opposition.

The only person there who was neutral to the outcome of the game was Casey himself. His thoughts were temporarily filled with Stella. He was undecided whether he ought to call on her at once, or see her the next morning. As it was only 10 o'clock he thought he could do both without any great sacrifice of sleep. He had no difficulty in finding her residence on Maple avenue, where she boarded with her aunt. There were tears and lip service in their meeting.

Casey hastily recounted to Stella the events which brought him to Gulchberg in company with the mayor of the town.

A fleeting look of dismay clouded Stella's face because Casey's pardon was not already an actuality, but the joyous light in her eyes soon returned.

"Why did you come here tonight, Con?" Stella admonished. "Please go back at once to the hotel and get a good night's rest, as the mayor has bidden you."

Stella drove Casey from her doorstep, and that night when she went to bed she prayed from her heart that God give strength to Cornelius Casey's right arm on the morrow.

Casey that night dreamed the dreams of an opium eater. He arose at 9 o'clock next morning, experiencing a strange void which he guessed was the absence of the prison bell. After partaking of an unusually hearty breakfast, which filled a waiter with wonderment by the catholicity of dishes he ordered, Casey started out for the ball park.

"Morning, Casey," Mayor Davis greeted him. "How is the arm this morning?"

"Fine as silk, mayor. I am anxious to get at those birds," Casey replied with a confident air.

"I want to inform you, young man," the mayor added with emphasis, "it's not alone for sentiment I want those Wildcats trimmed. This is the reason." He swung ajar the office safe door and pointed to a stack of banknotes, the size of which amazed Casey. Never in his palmiest days of safecracking had he beheld pickings like this. "There's ten thousand dollars there—five thousand my own and five thousand from a syndicate backing Medicine City. The whole caboodle goes to the winner." The mayor made plain his interest in the game.

The contents of the safe strangely fascinated Casey's gaze. Errant thoughts of "soup" and drills, for a year repressed, insisted on obtruding themselves on his consciousness. His reverie was broken when the safe door was swung shut.

"The boys are due here pretty soon," the mayor added. "I don't think it advisable to tell them of your history, and it's also best to christen you over again."

SHORTLY afterward the players began to straggle in and the mayor introduced Casey under the name of Alexander Penn; and further improvised that he was a minister by profession who had been a renowned pitcher in his seminary days. The Reverend Penn coming West on his vacation was glad to come to the aid of Gulchberg for one afternoon.

Altho they were not outspoken, many of the players had misgivings, that the parson looked too pallid and gaunt to measure up to the strenuous demands of a hurler. But soon afterward their doubts were dispelled when they saw him unwind several to Catcher McLeery. His speed was terrific and there was a baffling break to the ball.

Catcher McLeery was moved to express his admiration. "You are certainly there, parson," he exclaimed. "Looking at you no one would think that you had so much smoke." Then, becoming more intimate: "Did you ever try Pete's Pink Pills for Pale Persons? I wasn't any too robust myself, but I took those pills for the last year and they certainly fixed me up all right." The parson promised to avail himself of the remedy.

The workout, which was brief and mostly devoted to signal practice, ended with a speech by Mayor Davis, who exhorted the players to vindicate their boast that they were made of championship material.

From the ball park Casey hurried to Stella's house. There he had dinner and discussed with Stella such things as the game, bungalows, housekeeping and the high cost of necessities.

He left Stella an hour before the game was scheduled to begin, to see her again in the grand stand, where she would be no lukewarm partisan of his side. On the way to the park he recalled the strange wistfulness in Stella's face as particulars of their future happiness that overshadowed Stella's countenance. were mentioned. He divined the cause She undoubtedly foresaw that even if he were given an early pardon by the Governor there were yet many obstacles to overcome before their road to happiness was clear. Being penniless, and the world not noted for its excessive cordiality to ex-convicts whose records have a habit of coming to light, would make their marriage as far distant as ever. Stella was evidently thinking of that.

Casey swore at the ill luck which cheated him of happiness. Had he not been double-crossed by Fate, Stella would now be his; he would now have wealth, and would be a respetced member of the community.

His ruminations were abruptly cut short by a slap on his shoulder. The next instant he and a dapper-looking individual whose dazzling tiepin advertised prosperity were shaking hands in unfeigned gladness.

"For the Iova Mike, Casey, how comes it that you are enjoying this free atmosphere? I figured that you would bein in seclusion for about four more years. I hope you haven't taken frogeater's leave." The questioner was Jimmie Duke, an old pal of Casey's. Jimmie's specialty was separating the public from their wallets by the deft use of his fingers.

mie," Casey replied. "I am on a fur-

"No, I didn't take French leave, Jimlough, but my luck is turning."

"Let's follow these hicks to the game, pard; a cracked-up parson is going to pitch. You will tell me all about yourself, and if you kind of assist me with the hurrah act there will be some spending money for you.

"Much obliged, Jimmie, but I am going it straight from now on."

Jimmie laughed a kind of sardonic, superior laugh which embarrassed Casey.

"I see that they did a good job in reforming you. Wouldn't a century mark tempt you to assist me this afternoon?"

"It's impossible, Jimmie. You see, I am the 'parson' who is going to pitch today." And Casey revealed to his pal the circumstances of his freedom, not omitting the interview that morning with Mayor Davis. Jimmie listened with absorbing interest, and at the mention of the safe's contents all his predatory instincts were aroused.

"And you mean to tell me you didn't stir your noodle of a way to cop that swag?" the pickpocket asked, eagerly.

"It could be pulled off very neatly, if a guy had the tools. The office is right above the washroom, but I am not the boy for it. As I said, I am thru with the old life."

"Why, you mush-headed chump. If you let such a chance slip by you ought to be examined by a croaker from the neck up. I can get you the tools from a pal of mine pronto."

Casey reiterated his intenflon of hereafter following the straight and narrow path.

But Jimmie, the siren, was persistent. He kept at Casey with subtle and specious arguments, allaying his fears and pointing out how by ostensibly walking to the washroom he could blast the safe with the utmost freedom, the fans being too preoccupied with the game to suspect anything was amiss.

At first Casey was adamant; then, under more pressure, he began to doubt, recalling the scurvy trick Fate had played him. In the end the stronger will of the tempter had its way and Casey reluctantly promised to essay the job.

"It must be pretty near 3," said Casey, apprehensively.

"You have a half hour yet. Let's hurry over to 'Baldie's' place for the 'soup' and tools; we can get back in fifteen minutes."

The two turned and retraced their steps for a distance and then disappeared by cutting into a narrow intersecting street.

The crowd that packed the Gulchberg baseball park was the largest in its history. Medicine Lake being only the distance of an hour's ride by auto from Gulchberg, thousands of its loyal citizens were represented at the game. The business sections of both towns declared a half holiday, not from instincts of generosity, but because of a scarcity of customers.

Fifteen minutes to 3 found Mayor Davis frantically walking around in circles, chewing grass and performing other irrational stunts. His "phenom" pitcher had not showed up; he had probably made out his own pardon; and to add to the provocation Stevens, the substi-

(Continued on Page 9.)

The Devil's Own

By Randall Parrish

Developments in Last Week's Installment

Knox at once hired out as a sailor in order to be able to get around below and keep his eyes open. After a conversation with one of the women who was locked in a cabin, he learned that the girl who he had been taking to Canada was Eloise Beaucaire, the white girl, instead of Rene, the octoroon.

The vessel landed at Yellow Banks to discharge stores for the soldiers assembled there, and Knox, peeping from a lower deck, saw Kirby steering two women down a narrow gangplank at the end of the boat. At once he slipped from the boat into the water and swam to shore himself.

This story began in No. 43, the Ledger for Oct. 23. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or from newsdealers.

CHAPTER XXII.

MY FRIEND, THE DEPUTY SHERIFF.

WELL below the surface, yet impelled swiftly downward by the sturdy rush of the current, sweeping about the steamer's stern, I struck out with all the strength of my arms, anxious to attain in that first effort the greatest possible distance. I came panting up to breathe, my face lifted barely above the surface, dashing the water from my eyes, and casting one swift glance backward toward the landing. The high stern of the Adventurer was already some considerable distance away, exhibiting no sign of movement along her after-decks, but with that snake-like line of men still pouring over the crest of the bank, and disappearing forward. Great volumes of black smoke swept forth from the funnels, and my ears could distinguish the ceaseless hiss of steam. Again I permitted my body to sink into the depths, swimming onward with easier stroke, satisfied I had not been seen.

When I came up the second time I was quite far enough to be safe, and the stragglers had largely disappeared on board. Content to tread water, yet constantly drifting farther away in the trend of the current, I was able to observe all that took place. The sun had disappeared, and the western shore rested obscured by a purple haze, the wide stretch of water between slowly darkening. Light lingered still, however, along the clay hills of Yellow Banks, crowded with those soldiers left behind, who had gathered to speed the departure of their more fortunate comrades. The decks of the Adventurer were black with men, their cheers and shouts echoing to me along the surface of the river. Slowly the steamer parted from the shore, as the paddle-wheel began to revolve, flinging upward a cataract of spray, the space of open water widening, as the advancing bow sought the deeper channel, and headed northward. A great resounding cheer from both ship and shore mingled, rolling out over the darkening waters of the river, and echoed back by the forests along the bank. Farther up two other boats—mere phantoms in their white paint—cast off also, and followed, their smoke wreaths trailing behind as they likewise turned their prows up stream. Ten minutes later the three were almost in line, mere blobs of color, barely distinguishable thru the descending dusk.

I swam slowly ashore, creeping up the low bank into the seclusion of a shallow, sandy gully, scooped out by the late rains. The air was mild, and I experienced no chill from my wet clothes, the warmth of the sand helping to dry them on my body. The river and sky were darkening fast, the more brilliant stars already visible. The western shore had entirely vanished, while nothing remained in evidence of those department boats except the dense black smoke smudge still outlined against the lighter arcn of sky overhead. To my left the camp fires of the soldiers still remaining at Yellow Banks began to show red with flame thru the shadows of intervening trees, and I could hear the noise of hammering, together with an occasional strident voice. Immediately about me all was silent, the steadily deepening gloom rendering my surroundings vaguely indistinct.

Thus far I possessed no plan—except to seek her. How this was to be accomplished appeared in no way clear. I lay there, my mind busy with the perplexing problem. Where could Kirby go, now that he was ashore? How could he hope to find concealment in the midst of that rough camp—that little, squalid frontier settlement of a few log huts? Could it be possible that he had friends there—old cronies to whom he might venture to appeal for shelter, and protection; men of his own kidney to whom he could confide his secret? As the thought occurred to me it seemed quite probable that he would, under any other circumstances, have made the choice he did. Surely such a man could never have risked going ashore unless some definite plan of action had already formulated itself in his mind. And why should the fellow not possess friends in Yellow Banks? He knew the river intimately and all the river towns; possibly he had even landed here before. He was a man feared, hated but obeyed the full length of that great stream; his name stood for reckless daring, unscrupulous courage everywhere; he could command the admiration and loyalty of every vicious character in the steamboat service between Fort Crawford and New Orleans. It was hardly likely that none of these men, floaters at best, were in this miscellaneous outpouring of militia; indeed it was almost certain there would be some officers among them, as well as enlisted men.

As my thought grasped these facts, they led to the only possible decision. I would venture forward, rather blindly trusting that good fortune might direct my steps aright. I would have to discover, first of all, where Kirby had taken Eloise—into whose hands he had deposited the girl for safe-keeping. This task ought not to be difficult. The settlement was small, and the camp itself not a large one; no such party could hope to enter its confines without attracting attention and causing comment. There was but slight discipline, an dthe majority of the soldiery were simple-hearted, honest fellows who could be easily induced to talk. Once I had thus succeeded in locating her, the rest ought to prove comparatively easy—a mere matter of action. For I had determined to play the spy no longer; to cease being a mere shadow. To my

"I'm Sum Wild Cat Whin I Onct Git R ted, an' If Yer Play Any Dirt, I'll Sure Take It Out'r Yer Hide If I'm Ten Years n-Findin' Ye!"

mind the excuse for masquerade no longer existed. The two fugitives were already safely on their way toward Canada, beyond any possibility of pursuit; and, from now on, I could better play my game in the open, confident that I held the winning hand in my knowledge of the girl's identity.

So I proposed finding Eloise, and telling her the whole truth; following that, and assured of her support, I would defy Kirby, denounce him if necessary to the military authorities, identifying myself by means of my army commission, and insist on the immediate release of the girl. The man had broken no law—unless the wanton killing of Shrunk could be proven against him—and I might not be able to compel his arrest. Whatever he suspected now relative to his prisoner, he had originally supposed her to be his slave, his property, and hence possessed a right under the law to restrain her liberty. But even if I was debarred from bringing the man to punishment, I could break his power, and overturn his plans. Beyond that it would be a personal matter between us; and the thought gave me joy. Certainly this method of procedure looked feasible to me; I saw in it no probability of failure, for, no matter how many friends the gambler might have in camp, or the influence they could exert in his behalf, they could never overcome the united testimony I was now able to produce. The mere statement of the girl that she was Eloise Beaucaire would be sufficient to free her.

I attained my feet, confident and at ease, and advanced up the gully, moving cautiously, so as not to run blindly upon some sentry post in the darkness. There would be nervous soldiers on duty, liable to fire at any sound or suspicious movement, and it was a part of my plan to penetrate the lines unseen and without inviting arrest. Once safely within the confines of the camp, the lack in uniforms and discipline, would afford ample freedom, but to be held as a prisoner, even for a short time, might prove a very serious matter. Within a short distance the gully became too shallow for further concealment. I could perceive the red glow of the fires gleaming out between the trees, and the numerous dark figures of men, engaged in various tasks, or lying idly about, waiting a call from the cooks to supper. My judgment told me that I must already be safely within the picket lines, able to walk forward unmolested, and mingle with these groups fearlessly. I was yet standing there, uncertain as to which group I should choose to companion with, when the dim figure of a man, unquestionably drunk, came weaving his uncertain way along a footpath which ran within a yard of my position. Even in that darkness, not yet dense with night, the lank figure possessed an outline of familiarity, and the sudden blazing up of a fire revealed the unmistakable features of the deputy.

"Hullo," I said, happily, stepping directly before him. "When did you come ashore?"

He stopped as tho shot, bracing himself with difficulty, and endeavoring to gain a glimpse of my face.

"Hello, yerself," he managed to ejaculate thickly, "Who are yer? frien' o' mine?"

"Why, don't you remember me, ol' man? I'm the feller who was scrubbin' the paint on the Adventurer. We wus talkin' tergether comin' up. I wus goin' fer ter enlist."

"H—l! yes; glad ter see yer. Sum hot whisky et this camp—tried eny?"

"No," I answered, grasping at the opportunity to arouse his generosity. "I ain't got no coin to buy. They wudn't let me leave ther boat, nor pay me a picayune, so I just skipped out. I'm flat broke; maybe yer cud stake me fer a bite ter eat?"

"Eat!" he flung one arm lovingly about my shoulders, and burst into laughter. "Yer bet yer life, we're a goin' ter eat, an' drink, too. I don't go back on none o' ther boys. Yer never heerd nuthin' like thet 'bout Tim Kennedy, I reckon. Eat, sure—yer know Jack Rale?"

"Never heerd the name."

"What, h—l! never heerd o' Jack Rale! Ol' river man, half hoss, half alligator; uster tend bar in Saint Louee. He's up yere now, a sellin' forty-rod ter sojers. Cum up 'long with him frum Beardstown. Got a shack back yere, an' is a gittin' rich—frien' o' mine. Yer just cum 'long with me—thas all."

I PERMITTED him to lead me, his voice never ceasing as we followed the dim trail. I made out little of what he said, nor did I question him. Drunk as the man was, I still thought it best to wait until more thoroly assured that we were alone. Besides, I could take no chance now with his garrulous tongue. The trail ended before a two-room log cabin, so deeply hidden in the woods as to be revealed merely by a glimmer of light shining out from within thru chinks in the walls. Tim fumbled for the latch and finally opened the door, lurching across the threshold, dragging me along after him. The room was evidently kitchen and bar combined, the latter an unplaned board, resting on two upturned kegs, with a shelf behind containing an array of bottles. There were two men at a sloppy table, a disreputable-looking white woman stirring the contents of a pot hung over the open fire, and a fellow behind the bar, attired in a dingy white apron. It was all sordid enough, and dirty—a typical frontier grogshop; but the thing of most interest to me was the proprietor. The fellow was the same red-mustached individual whom I had watched disembark from the steamer that same afternoon, slipping in the yellow mud as he surmounted the bank, dragging his valise along after him. So it was this fellow passenger who had given these fugitives refuge; it was his presence in these parts which had decided Kirby to make the venture ashore. He glanced up at our entrance, the glare of light overhead revealing a deep, ugly scar across his chin, and a pair of deep-set, scowling eyes.

"Back in time fer supper, hey, Kennedy," he growled, none too cordially. "Who's yer frien'?"

"A feller whut's goin' ter enlist. He's all right, Jack," the deputy hiccoughed thickly. "Les' liquor, an' then we'll eat. I'm payin' the bill—so whut the h—l is it ter yer?"

"Nuthin' 'tall; eny frien' o' yers gits ther best I hav'. Corn liquor, I reckon?"

He set out a squat bottle on the bar, and thinking it best to humor the both of them I poured out a stiff drink, fully aware that Rale was observing by features closely.

"Seen yer afore sumwhar, ain't I?"

"I reckon," I replied indifferently, watching Tim fill his glass. "I worked my way up on the boat; saw yer on board."

"Sure; that's it; 'tain't in my line fer ter forgit a face. Yer ain't enlisted yit?"

"No; reckon I'll wait till maunin', an' clean up a bit furst. How 'bout sum soap an' water fore I eat? an' yer cudn't loan me a razor, cud ye?"

He rubbed his chin reflectively with stubby fingers.

"Wal' I got plenty o' water, an' maybe cud scare up sum soap. Tim yere he's got a razor, an', if he's a frien' o' yers, I reckon he mought lend it ter yer—thet's sure sum h—l ov a beard yer've got."

The deputy gulped down his drink, and smacked his lips, clinging with one hand to the bar, regarding me lovingly.

"Sure; he's frien' o' mine. Shave him myself soon's I git sober. Stand most whisky all righ', but d—n if I kin this kind—only hed three drinks, tha's all—whut's thet? Yer can't wait? Oh, all righ' then, take it yerself. Mighty fin' razor, ol' man."

Rale found me a tin basin, water, a bit of rag for a towel, and a small, cracked mirror, in which my reflection was scarcely recognizable. He was a man of few words, contenting himself with uttering merely a dry comment on Kennedy, who had dropped back into a convenient chair, and buried his face on the table.

"Tim's a d—n good fellow, an' I never saw him so blame drunk afore," he said, regretfully. Know'd him et Saint Louee; used to drop in ter my place. He an' Kirby hed a row, an' I reckon thet's whut Kirby hed a row, an' I reckon thet's whut started him drinkin'."

"A row; a quarrel, you mean?" forgetting myself in surprise. "Who's Kirby?"

"Joe Kirby; yer sure must know him, if yer a river man. Slim sorter feller, with a smooth face; slickest gambler ever wus, I reckon."

"Why, of course," getting control of myself once more. "We picked him up, 'long with Tim, down river. Had two women with 'em, didn't they—runaway niggers?"

Rale winked facetiously, evidently rather proud of the exploit as it had been related to him.

"Wal', ther way I understan', they wa'n't both of 'em niggers; however, that was the story told on board. This yere Joe Kirby is pretty d—n slick, let me tell you. One of 'em's a white gurl, who just pretended she wus a nigger. I

(Continued on Page 10.)

Off Half Moon Reefs

By George Ethelbert Walsh

"We'll Sail in an Hour, Mr. Mason. You'll Have to Make Up Your Mind Before That."

PUFFING lazily at his cigarette, Roger Mason watched the schooner in the cove, struggling somewhat ineffectually to concentrate his mind on one definite object. The effort was tiresome, and he gave it up finally with a sigh and closed his eyes again; but the lighted end of his cigarette touched the point of his chin and brought him up with a start. He flung the offending stub in the bushes with a gesture of impatience.

He rubbed the injured spot vigorously, but finding no relief in this he sat up and moistened a pinch of dirt with saliva and applied a mud patch to the chin. Back in his barefoot, boyhood days, he had learned that mud was an excellent cure for the sting of wasps and bees. Then, why not for a cigarette burn?

Either the pain or the unusual exertion of preparing and applying the remedy effectually banished the drowsiness that had held him. He yawned and stretched himself, blinked at the sun, winced from the growing pains of muscles and nerves that had of late been rebelliously arrogant, turned over as if to resume his nap, and finally muttered a mild imprecation that was broad enough in its application to include almost anything that had gone before or was likely to come after.

Roger was tired, aching in every part of his body, but it was not from physical exhaustion. He had tramped a few miles the day before, but not enough to weary a child; he had skipped dinner and breakfast, and his stomach was empty, but it was not semi-starvation, nor anything near it, that caused the quivery, quaking sensation and gave him acute nausea; his head ached, blindly and insistently, with a throbbing pulsation that was agonizing, but it was not due to any extraordinary mental activity or prolonged worry.

The whole sensation was that of the body and limbs falling apart, each pulling its separate way, and laying bare at each spasmodic twitch every live nerve cell and brain ganglion that was susceptible to pain. Roger groaned.

"This damp night dew is full of fever and ague," he apostrophized to the circumambient air. "I need a feather bed and hot flannels. I must be getting old and rheumatic."

He grinned good-naturely. Then as his hazy mind recalled how the day before he had been cussed and booted and bodily fired thru the back door of the little shack in Inwood that Doc Melchior called his office, he became suddenly angry and resentful. He was nearly normal while the fit of passion lasted.

But it subsided almost as quickly as it came. He grew weakly sentimental in self pity. "Doc's an ungrateful cuss," he mused. "Helped to make him rich—spent a fortune on him—most all I got—and then for him to treat me this way!"

He fished thru his soiled clothes to find what was left of his elusive fortune. It consisted of a few silver coins and one solitary greasy bill. He fingered these appraisingly, scowling in an effort to compute their worth when exchanged for the elixir of life. It was not much, but it would purchase surcease from everlasting pain.

His dry lips were parching from thirst; but there was no water nearer than the bay, and that was salty and brakish. He moistened his lips with his tongue, and then as a vague thought strayed thru his mind his face brightened. Once more he began searching the pockets of his clothes, and not finding a trace of the elixir that he craved broke out into protest again.

"What'd I do with it? I had it. I know I did. When the Doc——"

He stopped in an effort to recall the past. A flaring passion again stirred within him. As the enormity of the crime awakened him to a realization of his helplessness, he became livid with rage.

"Damit! I've been robbed! Doc Melchior's a thief! I'll go back and break his neck! I'll show him he can't steal from me, and get away with it! I'll show him! I'll show him what's what!"

Wagging his head rakishly, he swayed unsteadily on his shaking limbs as he scrambled to his feet. A new incentive had thoroly awakened him.

As he stood there in indecision, the schooner in the bay came directly into his line of vision. It had been there all the time; subconsciously he had been aware of it and had vaguely speculated about the meaning of it in that lonely cove. There was not a house or habitation within miles, and three-masted schooners were not in the habit of anchoring in coves where the outgoing tide would leave them stranded if they missed the channel by the fraction of a foot. He stared at it now in silence.

A boat had put off from the shore, and Roger watched it until it warped alongside the schooner and began unloading something heavy and awkward. The crew used ropes and tackle, hitched to the davits, to lift the heavy, cumbersome object to the deck.

"Smuggling," Roger muttered, grinning craftily.

He sat down again because it was easier than standing. He was terribly weak and tired. The rakish schooner exercised a certain fascination for him.

It recalled, for one thing, a dim picture of the past, when under similar circumstances he had been shanghaied by mistake and carried away to sea on a trip that ended in Hong-Kong. The parallelism wasn't exact, for the other ship had been a leaky windjammer and not a three-masted schooner, and the scene the harbor of San Francisco and not a quiet, land-locked cove off the Georgia coast.

But to Roger's still somewhat disordered imagination there seemed to be a connecting similarity between the two events. The emotions awakened in his mind were not pleasant. That other one had been his first introduction to the beatific joys of opium; and in the Far East, where every seventh man is an opium eater, there had been ample opportunity to pursue his investigations into an hitherto unexplored field. He had followed it up for five years, sampling the opium-joints of nearly every port until, by accident again, he found himself in the city of his original downfall.

Thru a process that was as gradual as it was insidious, he had exchanged one charmed elixir of youth and happiness for another. He had what the medical fraternity call a clearly established case of cocainism. Roger didn't stop to analyze it, except perhaps in those few intervals of enforced lucidity when it was impossible to obtain the drug short of murder or burglary.

Even at such times he was more inclined to berate the unfeeling bigotry of a country that sought to deprive a man of his necessary allowance of dope than to sympathize with himself or waste energy in regrets.

Roger was not particular how he got the poison so long as he got it; he was perfectly willing to expend an immense amount of ingenuity and craftiness in hoodwinking the authorities, and any particular achievement in this direction gave him an immense amount of satisfaction.

IN HIS aimless peregrinations to satisfy his appetite, he had established connection with Doc Melchior, who had grown rich in the subterranean traffic with the drug, and until the laws had been more strictly enforced was a constant benefactor to his down-and-out patrons. The sudden spasm of righteous indignation that had swept the country had its effect even in such a lonely section as Inwood and its adjacent towns.

Doc Melchior had grown cautious; then suspicious, and finally sanctimoniously transformed. Bewailing the evils of his way, he had declared his intention of putting a stop to the traffic in cocaine, and as an indication of his resolve he had sold Roger a small allowance at an exorbitant price and then kicked him out of the back door, with the warning:

"If you ever come back, I'll jam your face thru the back of your head. I'm thru—hear me, I'm thru with the stuff! Not another cent's worth. Now git!"

Roger wasn't at all impressed by the Doc's sudden reform; he wasn't even interested in it, or wouldn't be until he needed more dope. Unfortunately this had come to pass sooner than he anticipated. The small quantity that had been on his person was either shaken loose when he was precipitated thru the back door of the shack or some one had deliberately committed larceny.

"I had it with me," he mumbled to himself, watching the schooner. "If the Doc didn't steal it, I lost it."

He ceased his unpleasant reflections, and frowned at the men down in the cove. "Smugglers," he added, but smuggling what?" He sat up with a jerk. What was the easiest and most likely thing for one to smuggle in or out of a country? Not machinery or firearms or cement piles; they were heavy, cumbersome affairs, and not worth the bother.

The most likely thing that occurred to Roger was cocaine or opium. Now that the traffic in them was closely watched, and the demand as great as ever, who would take a chance to make money in distributing them to the trade thru unconventional and unguessed channels? To his vivid imagination there came a certainty that he was uncovering something that was worth watching. He leered craftily, and nearly lost his balance in trying to shorten the distance between himself and the schooner.

Then the bushes back of him stirred, and a man's heavy boot loosened some gravel that rolled half way down the embankment. Roger turned and faced the newcomer with unemotional curiosity.

He was a big man, wearing a size larger shoe and hat than nine out of ten; a strapping youth who had outgrown his years and become a man before his time; beardless, save for a stubbly growth on chin and upper lip; shock-headed, blue-eyed, and bronzed of skin from the rim of his hat to where his shirt lifted and fell as he walked.

"You! What're you doing here?" came the hostile greeting the moment he saw the crouching figure in the bushes.

"Same's you—spying," smiled Roger. The man scowled and glared.

"Spying on what?"

Roger grinned. "The smugglers."

The other cast a swift glance down the cove, and then back at Roger. "How'd you know they're smuggling?" he asked less offensively.

"Guessed it."

The man paused, considering; incidentally he was regarding Roger out of the corners of his eyes. Finally he nodded and smiled.

"Pretty good guess," he added. "Then you saw them? Couldn't help it. Took it aboard in plain daylight."

"Took what aboard?" The question was full of suspicion and eagerness.

"Don't know," replied Roger, shaking his head. "Maybe coffins or wooden guns. What d'you think?"

The newcomer sat down beside him, and peered over the same bush. He was so deeply absorbed in watching the schooner that for a few minutes he was irritatingly silent. When he had finished his inspection, he turned to Roger.

"Know him—Captain Holding?" he asked, indicating with a jerk of the thumb.

"Not intimately. Is he a friend of yours?"

The other answered with a look that contained volumes. It was a black, malevolent expression of murder that only lacked the chance to make the deed real.

"I'd like to hamstring him and drop him to the bottom of that cove," he said finally. "He stole my share in that schooner, and——"

"You want to get even with him?" grinned Roger, interrupting.

"Not even, but ahead of him. I don't do things by halves."

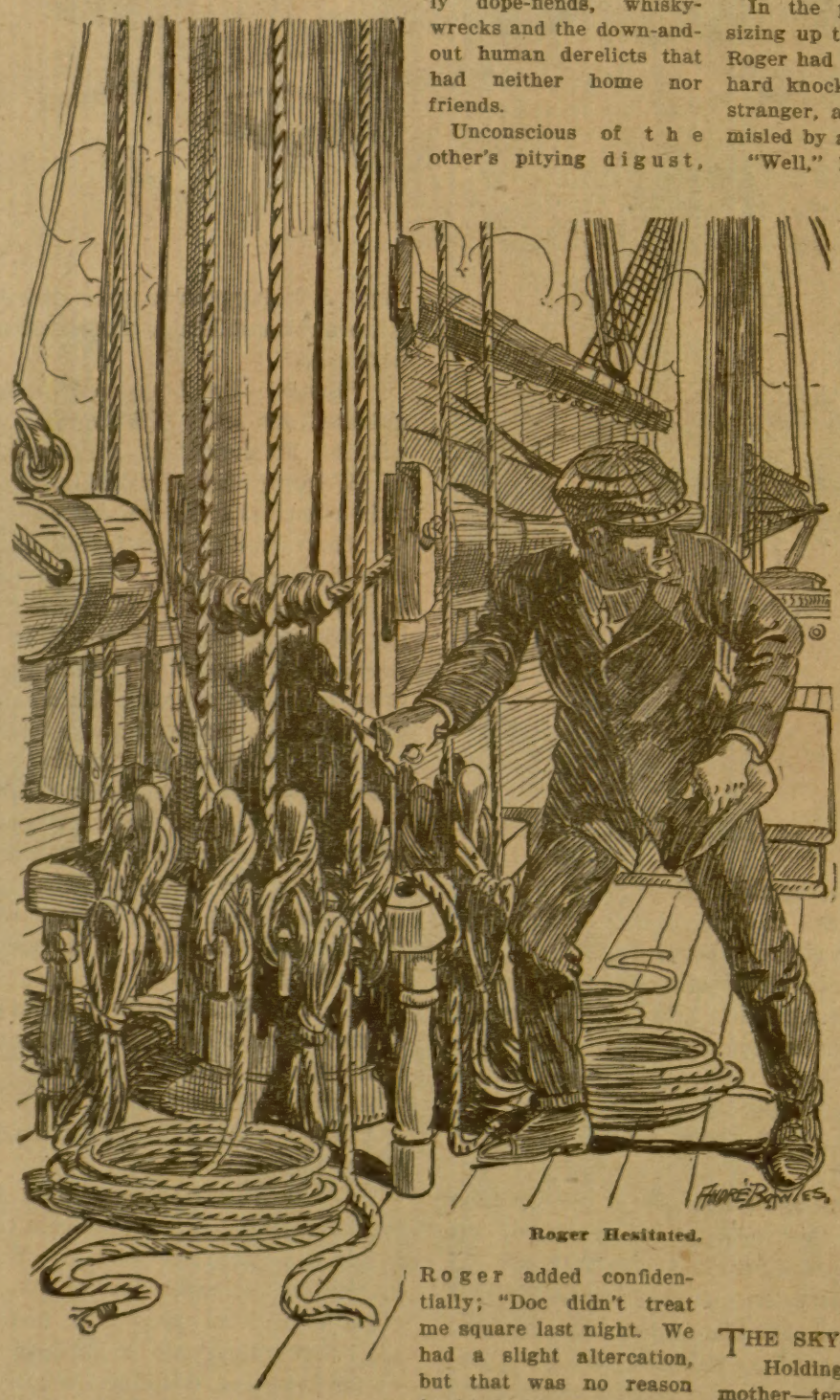
Recalling suddenly that he knew nothing of Roger, he turned and surveyed him critically. "Where've I seen you before? Your face seems familiar."

"Don't know. Don't recollect meeting you, but my memory's poor. Ever since Doc Melchior——"

"That's it," interrupted the stranger. "I saw you at Doc Melchoir's. One of his patients?" he asked, smiling ironically.

Roger nodded. Doc Melchoir's patients were mostly dope-fiends, whisky-wrecks and the down-and-out human derelicts that had neither home nor friends.

Unconscious of the other's pitying disgust,



Roger Hesitated.

Roger added confidentially; "Doc didn't treat me square last night. We had a slight altercation, but that was no reason for his kicking me out and robbing me. It was a doggone mean trick."

"Doc Melchoir robs most of his patients," drawled the stranger. "That's where he makes his profits. Cocaine or opium?" he added.

There was no offense in the last question, and Roger merely signified without a blush that it was the former drug that he particularly craved at that moment. He related how in the little skirmish at the back of the shack he had lost the small quantity of cocaine that he was holding in reserve.

"Now I got to go back and get more," he sighed at the end, "and if Doc won't give it to me, I'll—I'll——"

He wagged his head threateningly, which made the other smile. With a punch of his ham fist Doc Melchior could almost annihilate the weak-dope-wreck making the threat.

"The Doc's a friend of mine," the man began after a pause, "and I reckon I could get some of that dope for you."

Roger sat up eagerly, the bright light of anticipation burning in his eyes.

"But you'd have to pay for it," added the other in a calm, unruffled voice.

Roger fumbled in his pocket for his greasy bill and few coins. The stranger smiled and shook his head. "Not in money," he said, "but it work."

"Work!" Roger laughed. "I haven't worked since a year of Christmases. I don't know what it is." He shrugged his shoulders. "I guess I'll have to see Doc Melchoir myself."

The man put a hand on his arm. "You don't understand," he explained. "You'd hardly call it work. No, it would be play—nothing else. You see that schooner down there? Well, I want you to board her—get aboard by hook or crook—swim out to her if necessary—and stay there until you get further orders from me. That's all. Easy, ain't it?"

"Sounds so, except the swimming."

"That would be easy. You could most wade out at low tide. You can swim?"

"Some—might do it to save my life."

In the pause that followed each was craftily sizing up the other. For all his seeming weakness, Roger had a good brain that had been sharpened by hard knocks in many parts of the world, and the stranger, altho despising the other, was not to be misled by appearances.

"Well," he drawled finally, "Is it a bargain?"

For reply Roger asked warily; "What's the game when I get aboard? What am I to do? If it's any crime ——"

"Crime nothing! I just want you to nose around and use your eyes. There's something suspicious going on down there. It may be, as you said, smuggling. Captain Holding would do it if he had a chance. If that's his game I want to catch him—get him with the goods on—and have a witness aboard. Anyway, I don't want him to leave that cove until I've had a chance to investigate. Now, he knows me, and wouldn't let me step aboard the Sky Pilot—that's the schooner's name—but you—you could get aboard without——Say, bo', I got it!" he broke out enthusiastically. "Jim Holding's short-handed—needs more men. You go down there and apply for a job—tell him you're a dope-fiend and want to go to sea to break yourself of the habit——"

Rober shook his head energetically. "No I don't," he leered. "I tried it once, and went thru hell—two weeks of it."

"Oh, I didn't really mean that!" said the other in disgust. "You won't sail out of this cove. I'm aiming to detain the Sky Pilot until I can get evidence against Jim Holding. That's all. I told you I'd like to hamstring him and drop him to the bottom of the cove; but what I'm after is to clap him in jail. That would suit me well enough. It's all right—nothing underhanded—just a plain case of nabbing a smuggler. And"—eying Roger slowly—"if there's any reward coming, I'll share it with you—fifty-fifty."

CHAPTER II.

THE SKY PILOT was the only home that Jane Holding had known since the death of her mother—ten years ago, when the girl wore short dresses. The breaking up of the home at Breakneck Creek, where Jane had spent much of her time fishing and crabbing, was the beginning of a new life for her. For one thing it ended her girlhood; for another it took her out into the world, and gave her glimpses of towns and cities along the coast that she had dreamed of but had never seen.

Jim Holding had been very much in love with his wife and his home ashore, but when the former left him he could not endure the latter. It reminded him

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The Titian of Tzintzuntzan

By Robert Ordway Foote

The First Installment

CAPT. ARTHUR VAN LAW, formerly of the U. S. Army, while seeking employment accepts a dangerous mission which took him into Lower California, the accomplishment of which promises not only to satisfy his love of adventure, but also to bring him a handsome reward for his services.

CHARLES VANTHIER HOLLIDAY, a wealthy art connoisseur, was eager to gain possession of a famous old painting known in art circles as "The Titian of Tzintzuntzan," which had been stolen from a a church in Mexico. Holliday was quickly convinced that Captain Van Law was just the man for the dangerous mission.

SENORITA GUADALUPE MOREAU ("Lupe), proved to be a mysterious beauty with Titian (red) hair, who by her strange conduct gave the captain the impression that she could not be fully trusted and might foil his efforts to get possession of the picture. Town gossipers hinted to the Captain that "Lupe," while posing as a "friend," was more likely to be the mistress of

FRANCISCO CORDAVA, ex-bandit, whose source of income was not at all clear to the many who knew and feared him.

SENORITA CARMELITA CORDOVA, modest, innocent and pretty, known as the ex-bandit's daughter, or "the dark-haired one," in contrast to the other beauty in her father's household, didn't escape the Captain's observing eye on the first opportunity he had of seeing her.

GOVERNOR DEL VALLE, chief executive of Lower California, and a typical Mexican dandy, impressed Captain Van Law as being just the sort of a character who would enter into almost any kind of an evil conspiracy without much coaxing, provided there was a tempting amount of "easy money" in it for him.

CHAPTER IV.
RESTLESS MONEY.

WITH many problems for pondering, Captain Van Law wasted not a moment after his head struck the none too soft pillow of his room at the Casa de Tourist in any such unprofitable pursuit. This was not thru intention, in his disrobing, accomplished with the speed engendered by camp life, his mind was busy enough with a new question, but a tired body claimed repose and the man sank to slumber without settling even in his own mind the question which a series of events had served to arouse.

That question was whether it was possible that every one in the little Mexican port, the girl of the voyage, the ex-bandit, the Governor himself, knew that he had come here to buy the Titian and were all conspiring to make him do so quickly. Certainly such would appear to be the case; the girl had thrown herself in his way; he could not know if the antics of the driver of the decrepit taxi were genuine; Cordova had almost openly courted negotiations for the picture; the Governor had warned him of a time limit in which to finish his errand.

But tho that were the chief thing that should have concerned Van Law, the real problem with him, in the few minutes before weariness claimed him for her own, concerned rather that status of that Titian-haired, quick-witted creature who almost seemed to have enticed him to the Cordova home. Could it be that Del Valle told the truth about her? Despite a certain awakening when he found she was not the slip of a girl he had at first supposed, Van Law was frank enough to admit to himself that he considered she was the most fascinating woman who had ever crossed his path.

As weariness saved him from introspection when he retired, interruption rescued the Captain in the morning. The interruption came strangely; first a troubled feeling of being awake while yet asleep; then the brooding conviction that some one was with him; at last a tugging open of eyes and reassertion of consciousness, to find looking down at him a morose face above continuous collar and black suit. One of the priests of yesterday's steamer trip had entered his room while he slept and even now was coolly regarding him.

Van Law's first thought was of gratification that he had put his money belt about his waist beneath his sleeping garment; his second of resentfulness at the calm assurance of this person. He broke out into an oath in English, recalled that probably the priest would not understand his wrath and turned to Spanish, the while regretting his lack of cultivation of its ample store of strong words.

"Be calm, my son, there is no cause for alarm," came from the priest in answer to the Captain's uprising and outpouring. The fellow spoke in Spanish, as Van Law had expected, but the latter tried him in English by demanding fiercely:

"What the devil are you doing here?"

Either he of the clerical garb did not or would not understand. He replied in Spanish, "By way of the door," as if the interrogation had been as to how he came here.

"What do you mean by this intrusion?" Van Law gave up the struggle and adopted the man's own tongue.

"No harm," was the noncommittal answer.

"Come, come, I don't propose to stand for rough stuff like this, no matter who you are or where we may be. What

"You Will Come Again Tomorrow Morning?" Came the Entreaty. "You Are the First Good Company I Ever Knew in My Life. Will You Come?"

do you want? Why are you here?"

"Be calm, my son," the other, who was no older than the Captain, again cautioned. He failed of his effect, a fast ebbing patience wrote its mark on Van Law's face and the priest suddenly abandoned his deliberate tactics to get to the matter which had brought him. "You are a friend of Senor Cordova and his—establishment," he stated.

"No more than you," the Captain blurted out, mindful of having seen this creature or his fellow dodging to the shadows at the Cordova house the night before. Then reflecting that possibly in the knowledge of that visit there he possessed a weapon that might be needed, he amended with "What of it?"

"You have seen the Titian Tzintzuntzan?" The priest's manner lost a little more of its poise; he leaned forward eagerly, his eyes anxious for the reply.

"What of it?" Van Law again countered.

"Tell me, my son, did you examine it closely? Did you see any marks upon it—any letters?"

Van Law became wary. Evidently this fellow was here with a purpose that concerned not the Captain personally, but only as a possible means to more important ends. He might be of value in the whirligig of puzzles which beset the American. It would be well at least to hear him out.

"Why do you wish to know? Tell me first and then I will tell you whether the secret mark is upon the canvas," he told his uninvited visitor.

You have the confidence of this vil—this man Cordova? He would do business with you?"

"Perhaps."

"He thinks you came to buy the Titian. Did you?"

"Perhaps, again. Get down to brass tacks, as we say in the States. What are you digging at?"

"I wish to buy the painting, if it is the genuine. What marks did you see?" The priest became wheedling in his anxiety.

"If you want to buy it why don't you go and do so?" Van Law could see no sense to this long continued verbal cross-questioning.

"He will not sell to any one whom he thinks represents the church. He said so."

"He said so!" Van Law was out of bed now, confronting his visitor in amazement. "You heard him."

A little flush was visible on the other's face. For the first time his eyes strayed from the straight gaze they had maintained heretofore. It was as if he realized a slip.

"After you left last night, he said. I was there." Either the fellow regarded his doctrine of open confession as one not merely to preach, for he used it as a weapon to carry his point. "What marks did you see on the canvas when you looked at it?"

"So you saw me." Van Law was calmed by the open frankness. "I saw the marks you wanted, I guess. 'Tz' in the lower left hand corner and in the upper right hand the same letters upside down."

"It is the Titian! The villain still has has it!" The priest's hand descended into his loose-fitting clothes to draw forth a huge roll of bills, the letters U. S. on them marking them as of value even in this land of depleted currency. "You will buy it for me, son will you not? I will give you the money now. We will pay twenty-five thousand if necessary, but all you can get it for under that is yours. And we will pay you one, two thousand dollars for your trouble. How can a young man make money faster? Here, take this to bargain with him, the robber!"

"No." Van Law backed away from the offered roll. This was too precipitant even for his impatient spirit. "No. I haven't said I'd buy it for you. How do I know he won't shoot me for suggesting such a thing."

"But he will not know it is for us. Take this money and go to him. He will not harm you, if he does we will kill him."

"Fat lot that would help me, afterwards, wouldn't it? Why don't you kill him now and take the picture, if it is yours?"

"We would do it in a minute," the priest's frenzy of hatred broke forth. "But we might not get the picture away then. This Del Valle would not let us take it away. No, this is the only plan, we have tried all others. You can buy it, he does not suspect you are from us. Do you lack the courage for a little transaction like this?"

"No, I don't lack the courage; I possess the caution. I'll not take your money, put it away," the Captain waved emphatic hand. "This is a peculiar proposition. I want time to think it over and to sound Cordova out. Come to me early this evening, by the same secret route you took this time, whatever it is, and I'll talk to you. Now, get out and let me finish my sleep."

"At least take some money, as a retainer, as an earnest you will do this," the priest pleaded.

"I told you to take your money and get out. I meant it."

THERE was real menace in the Captain's manner. The cleric departed noiselessly by the door. Van Law followed his figure with curious eyes. He distinctly remembered having locked that door; he had even placed a chair against it; the chair was now pushed back against the wall. The Captain was not a heavy sleeper, but this intrusion had been effected without disturbing him. He found it easy to credit that his visitor had been an eavesdropper at the Cordova supper the night before.

To finish his sleep was impossible now for the American. He dressed and sat in the window of his dingy room, looking out over the squalid town of adobe and sheet-iron, whatever charm had been its in the moonlight now lost in the early but penetrating rays of a brilliant sun. His room was on the second floor front of the house and he could watch the early activities of the village, the place was little more. The time was shortly after 8 and few people were astir as yet.

It was an ideal time for cogitations on the amazing twelve hours of his, according to Holliday, quiet, peaceful errand. Van Law laughed both to and at himself. How many of these difficulties, intrigues, mysteries, had been forseen by that dapper art connoisseur when he coyly deputized this trip of trouble to a perfect stranger picked up in a casual visit to an art museum?

The time given to the moody experimenter with adventure-for-wages to think upon his involved affairs was short. Upon the narrow main street there burst, with all the suddenness of a figure before a drop-curtain, a woman on horseback. Her animal's hoofs made no noise in the soft dust, she seemed like a dream creature riding gracefully past. Van Law saw her quick enough to dodge back from his position at the window and he noted, with satisfaction over his alertness, that she cast inquiring glances at the shabby hotel building as she went by.

Senorita Guadalupe Moreau sat her horse with the same perfection that crowned her every act, whether it be in intrigue or flirtation, the watcher reflected. Here was the girl who had craved his assistance in fear of a measly little pock-marked Mexican flivver driver only a few hours before, now riding alone and boldly thru the town on a horse that might excite murderous cupidity of many a more powerful possible assailant.

Of course, it was apparent enough now, she had acted practically as a "runner" in bringing in a possible customer for the Titian of Tzintzuntzan which her "friend" wished to sell to relieve financial distress. She must have observed Van Law's encounter with Holliday, in that far-away art museum; when she saw him on the boat she had cleverly identified him as Holliday's agent. Such was the conclusion of the puzzled American Captain. He had one solace for his injured pride in having fallen into the trap. The unexpected visitor of the morning furnished it. The priest presented possibilities for denouement unguessed by the plotters of Ensenada.

Impatient of such thoughts, since they placed the glorious Guadalupe in so unfavorable a light, Van Law seized his hat and rushed forth from his quarters. What was the girl up to now? Did it concern him? He intended to find out.

Her figure was a dim one on the road ahead when he emerged. Three minutes of bargaining with a Mexican early a-horseback, brought the Captain the

means of pursuit. He followed warily, far in the rear, out of possible recognition distance. The girl turned west and Van Law took the same turn. The road led up a series of hillocks, which the horseman crossed cautiously. When first his head poked above their summit he saw that beyond lay a long expanse of smooth beach, oddly broken at intervals by rock upheavals. The girl had stopped by one of these and dismounted.

Turning his own horse back, Van Law tethered him in the sagebrush off the road, or path as it may better be described. Then he made his way to a place of vantage in the brush upon the summit of the bluffs that broke sharply down to the beach. Since it was impossible to approach nearer, he must be content with what he could see from here.

The girl had removed her hat and settled herself in apparent comfort. She held something white upon her lap and constantly fussed with it in a strange manner. At first the watcher thought she was writing and then it came to him that she was sketching, apparently setting down her impressions of the leaping waves upon the big rock beside her. For an hour Van Law watched the innocent procedure, gradually obtaining a control over the perplexities which had beset him and calling himself a fool for the imaginary melodrama in which he had pictured himself the central, harassed figure.

The girl's face was toward the north and she did not see as quickly as did the watcher on the summit the approach from the south, the direction of the town, if one came along the beach, of another horseman. He was soon near enough that Van Law identified him easily as Governor Del Valle. He was superbly mounted, his horses equaled his limousines in quality.

I this was a rendezvous, the girl showed no great enthusiasm, it seemed to the watcher, over it. She glanced back once, when she first noted the approach of the Governor, and then returned her eyes to her work, paying no more attention to him until he stood bowing in her direct line of vision.

Thereafter followed a colloquy at the drift of which Van Law could only remotely guess. By every sign it did not progress greatly to the satisfaction of the Governor. Once he rose and stamped about, to return with threatening gesture before the girl, who continued doggedly at her work. Then he cooled, reseated himself by her side and, except for the moving arms, with which the Latin carries on half his conversation, the man on the hill might have imagined that silence had settled upon the two below him.

At last one of the gesticulating arms either stole from beyond control or it was sent upon a daring mission. It attempted to encircle the waist of the young woman. She was on her feet in an instant and Captain Van Law was treated to the engaging spectacle of an angry girl soundly slapping the face of the Governor of Lower California.

She stood, a picture of outraged virtue, until the humbled Del Valle had tamely remounted his horse and ridden back the way he had come. That long Van Law continued to watch her, to be sure she would not need his assistance in handling the presuming official. Then he rushed to his own horse and tore back to the village at the best speed to which his hired animal could be forced. He wished to be there before there was any possible chance that it might occur to the Governor to inquire for him.

Van Law rode in an ecstasy of relieved feelings. He felt his better nature, his trust in purity, revived. Sneering Del Valle or low-minded cleric might refer to this Titian-crowned girl as the "friend" of Bandit Cordova. For himself he would require better proof than anything that had yet come to his inquisitive eyes.

CHAPTER V.

A MORNING OF ROMANCE.

AS DAYS go in Spanish-American countries, this one was still young. It was barely 11 when Van Law returned the horse to the swarthy-skinned cowman from whom it had been chartered and settled himself calmly in one of the chairs before the Casa de Tourist to watch the Governor of this province ride by with stately mien. Del Valle did not choose to recognize guests of this hostelry, tho it was the best of the town. Not the slightest inclination of the head intimated that he had ever before seen the man in the American Army uniform.

That very attitude was, however, one of sinister suggestion. If Van Law was to accomplish what had brought him here and catch the night boat out, in accordance with the warning given him, he must forget speculations over the baffling Senorita Moreau and bestir himself. Cordova had urged him to come "any time." He decided to go immediately.

The way was not hard to follow. Sitting on a little eminence, the Cordova house was one of the wide-spreading, one-story adobe landmarks of the scattering little cuidad and was easily identified, even by a man who had previously seen it only in the dark. On his way toward it Van Law was forced to tread several of the dirtiest alleys of the village, past the mescal shops where peon and upper caste alike indulged their taste for firewater.

From out of one of these establishments came a booming voice demanding drink. It had a familiar ring, tho the Captain had never heard it pitched in that commanding key before. Glancing within as he passed he beheld the back of Francisco Cordova, who was seated at a table alone, dominating this liquor shop by the force of his reputation as a bad man. Again the retired cutthroat yelled his command for a drink, accompanying it by vile curses. Van Law moved on, glad that the man had not seen him and insisted upon a companion in the morning debauch.

Van Law's errand, which had been to see the Titian in daylight and to begin bargaining for it, was now fruitless, but the Captain continued on his way with even greater animation than before. It was more than probable, he reflected, that Senorita Moreau had returned home from her sketching, Governor-slapping expedition and this would be a fine opportunity to meet her alone, to talk with her and make his own appraisement.

Disappointment awaited the caller at the Cordova house. The Senor was not in, a servant protested. Nor was Senorita Moreau there, by the same report, delivered in a finality of suspicion. Deaf ears were turned upon the caller's plea that an investigation of the certainty of the latter report be made. Plainly visitors were not welcome here in the absence of the master of the casa.

Walking away from his defeat at the hands of the stolid Mexican-Indian squaw servant who had refused him, Van Law passed close beside the high adobe wall which constituted the fourth side of a patio that experience with Mexican houses told him lay behind it. From over its top came a light little Spanish love song, being hummed in soft cadences by a thoroly charming voice. He halted. So that Indian had been lying, as he suspected. Behind this wall Senorita Guadalupe was apparently enjoying her ease, entirely forgetful of an unpleasant beach episode.

Despite a certain maturity of age—he was 30—and presumably of judgment, Captain Van Law possessed an impulsive streak and an impatience of restraint. He had come here distinctly to see Miss Moreau and he proposed to see her if such a thing were possible. With a display of athletic skill that there was none present to witness, he was the next minute after that decision seated calmly on the top of the garden wall.

A feminine face smiled up at him from a bench beside a pomegranate tree, the blossom of which was no more brilliant than the rosy lips which were parted in pleased surprise. The little song had ceased, but dancing black eyes sang a livelier tune. Van Law had invaded the quiet morning hours not of Senorita Guadalupe Moreau, but of Senorita Carmelita Cordova.

He had completely forgotten the existence of this girl, else he might never have made his leap to the top of the wall. She had been so silent, so unobtrusive, the night before, had seemed to sink so naturally into the background in comparison with the other more gorgeously-colored female, that he had regarded her almost as a nonentity and quickly forgotten her very existence until it was thus astonishingly recalled to him.

But a gentleman, having climbed a lady's garden wall, may not well retreat from an obvious welcome just because he finds he has surprised the wrong lady. Carmelita held roguish finger to her lips to inspire caution, and with the other hand waved a welcome to the bench beside her. Knowing full well the chance he took in this violation of the privacy of the Mexican home, Van Law nevertheless slid to the ground and crossed to the girl. Her first words proved she had not missed his startled expression when first he looked at her.

"You expected to find Lupe, I know, but won't I do as a substitute? She would not have let you come down."

AN OLD FAVORITE

A Poem That Has Grown Yellow In Many Scrap Books.

One Each Week — Selection No. 2

Two Sinners

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There was a man, it is said, one time
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
When the blood is a river that's running riot?
And boys will be boys, the old folks say,
And the man is the better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed, and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold.
And Christian people threw open the door
With a warmer welcome than ever before:
Wealth and honor were his to command.
And a spotless woman gave him her hand.
And the world strewed their pathway with flowers abloom,
Crying, "God bless ladye and God bless groom."

* * * * * * * *

There was a maiden who went astray
In the golden dawn of her life's young day.
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she followed blindly where fond Love led;
And love unchecked is a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy in Heaven:
For this is the law of the earth, we know,
That the woman is stoned, while the man may go.

A brave man wedded her after all,
And the world said, frowning, "We shall not call."

matters by saying, in answer to some light remark:

"I suppose you know you really are—how do you Americans say it? Oh, yes—taking an awful chance, being here. If the bandit should discover you in the garden with his daughter, oh, my, his rage!"

"Passing even that if he discovered me talking to his—friend?" Van Law could not bring himself to use any strong word in speaking of his temporarily forgotten but now recalled Guadalupe.

"Stop!" Carmelita became for the first time sober. "You did not mean that, did you, Senor?"

"No, I did not." Honesty spoke in the Captain's words and straightforward gaze. "I apologize. I knew this d—n town with its insinuations could not be right about her."

"Thank you. I like, you, Senor—what is your name?"

"Van Law," he responded, a little astonished, as she must have heard it a dozen times the night before.

"No; your name to your friends," she insisted.

"Arthur," he answered. It was a long while since any one had called him that.

"SENOR ARTURO. It is a pretty name. I shall use it. You are the first nice man that ever came after the Titian."

"After the Titian!" Easy forgetfulness of the world fled from the man. He was all intensity as he strove to make his words sound light as before, when he said: "Did I come after the Titian?"

"Father and Lupe think so. Did you not?"

Was she playing their game, also, the now alert Captain wondered. Could those clear brown eyes be but a mask to the intrigue with which this very place bristled?

"How many others have been after it?" he asked, as carelessly as might be.

"Four or five. I wish it would burn up, or something. Father gets so vicious when one comes and drinks so much more than usual. And Lupe becomes so moody and sad-eyed, it is like a funeral in the house at such a time. You do not seem like a person who should inspire such things, Senor Arturo. Why do they act so?"

"Why doesn't any one buy it and relieve the situation?" he endeavored to keep her to the straight track of the revelation she was, apparently in all innocence, making.

"But they do. Four times they buy it and take it away and the big frame is empty. Then the next day there is the Titian back in its frame when I come in in the morning and Guadalupe looks like she was crying and father is glum and goes off early to steep himself in mescal. I hate the thing! It is uncanny. How does it always come back like that?"

It was a question a considerably shaken officer would like to have had answered even more than would the girl. She had opened new chasms of possible disaster before him. Buying the Titian did not close the transaction for the buyer, it appeared. Was this the reason that priest had been so intent upon making him an agent in dealing with Cordova? Did it answer why Holliday had sent him? What did they do with the remains of the unlucky buyers?

"See, just mention of the horrid picture makes you moody, too," said the soft voice at his side. She laid a caressing hand on his. "Come, don't spoil the morning just because I was foolish enough to tell you of my troubles."

Van Law wondered why she had told him. Had it been but the light chatter of a half-understanding child? Or had he, in some manner, found his way into her affections and was she taking this way of warning him? He stood up.

"It is time I went," he announced decisively. "You remember you told me I was taking an awful chance. Perhaps the bandit will be coming soon." He managed to laugh as he said it. At least she had given him a pleasant hour's diversion from more serious subjects and he must play his part to the end.

"We will know when he comes. It would be Lupe he would not hear and she is very strict about the proprieties," the girl replied.

They did know, almost immediately. A raucous voice raised in a suggestive Spanish ditty sounded outside. Senor Cordova was returning from his siesta, full of the hardly soothing liquor of the country. Carmelita made a wry face.

"He drinks in the mornings, when men come to see the Titian," she whispered, "because he says he must be sober at night." A cloud passed over her merry face. "Other times he drinks both mornings and nights. Why cannot he be the man God intended him for?"

Captain Van Law hated, in the face of this girl, to appear in a hurry to make his exit. But he had no stomach for an encounter with a drunken ex-bandit in the man's own garden, talking clandestinely to his carefully guarded daughter. He made a step to the wall.

"You will come again tomorrow morning?" came the entreaty. "You are the first good company I ever knew in my life. Will you come?"

"I've been warned to leave town tonight," he hesitated long enough to say.

"Warned? By that pig of a Governor? You are a bigger man than he."

Delay was no longer to be continued.

She spoke in precise, careful English that was, however, of excellent accent and betrayed careful training.

"Perhaps I would not have come down if it had been Lupe," the intruder felt constrained to reply.

"She inspires more respect than I do?" Arch coquetry set most becomingly upon the dark girl. Van Law began to be glad it had not been the more serious, older one.

"More dread, maybe. One could not make love to her so impersonally." He feared he was getting beyond the girl's depth, perhaps. She probably was not accustomed to sophisticated flirtation; tradition had it that Mexican girls took such declarations with exceeding seriousness. But the surroundings, the circumstances, the creature herself, all called for sentiment, no matter how counterfeit. His self-reproaches were silenced by her merry laugh.

"The danger would be so much greater, you mean?" she questioned.

It was not the difficult task the Captain had foreseen to continue this badinage. For half an hour he forgot all else save a gladness that he was here and a constant joy in the animation of his companion. She was a revelation, a convent-raised girl, daughter of a wild land, who could outflirt even his considerable experience. It was the girl herself who recalled him to more immediate

(Continued on Page 23.)

Dual Pursuits

(Continued From Page 3.)

tute pitcher, had been called out of town to the bedside of a sick relative. The mayor was seriously considering letting loose the hounds of the law to seek the fugitive when Casey appeared flushed and bathed with perspiration. So relieved was Mayor Davis that his stored up wrath was entirely dissipated.

Casey donned his uniform in a hurry, and into the hip pocket of which he remembered to transfer the vial of "soup," the professional name for nitroglycerine, and a small kit of blued steel brace and bits.

As Casey trod on the field and became aware of the huge mass of humanity a feeling of awe possessed him. He thought everybody's eyes were focused on him, and in truth they were, for the Gulchberg morning papers had lengthy accounts by authority of Mayor Davis that a cleric star would perform in the box for the home team. Also Casey's belated appearance had whetted the curiosity of the fans. Knowing that the cracksman's "soup" is dangerous when agitated, in which condition it is apt to make one spiritual, he walked over to his team's dugout and covertly buried the vial of that potent stuff.

As he passed the grand stand a flutter of a white handkerchief caught his gaze. He recognized Stella, waving a signal of good cheer. Then the wonderful experience occurred to Casey, which only can be explained by the lore of a trained psychologist. As if by a divine illumination he came to realie the heinousness of his contemplated act. His ingratitude to Stella, the warden and Mayor Davis—they who had placed their faith in him—stung him as with a thousand daggers. A feeling came over him that in order to atone he should cry out his sin that all present at the ball park could hear. Then joy and thankfulness possessed him that he saw the light in time. He was mentally cursing Jimmie, the tempter, when Mayor Davis sharply admonished: "What are you mooning at! Get a move on you and get warmed up!"

THE game finally commenced with the interest of the fans mounted to a high pitch. Whether due to his lack of tuning up, or to his emotional crisis, Casey did not get off to a good start, and it soon dawned on Mayor Davis that his protege was not as brilliant as he was against the Secondstory Men on the day previous. He was as wild as the proverbial March hare, and when he did locate the plate the Wildcats committed homicide on the ball. That only four runs tallied in the first inning was due to circus stunts performed by the Gulchberg outfield. A palpable atmosphere of gloom and disappointment hovered over the stands of the home rooters. As Casey trod to the bench he could not avert his eyes from the glowering countenance of Mayor Davis.

"Sarge" Durgan, the Wildcat pitcher, on the other hand, put joy in the hearts of his thousands of followers by displaying at the outset his usual rare form. He fanned the first two Gulchberg sluggers, and made the third offer up a puny pop which the third baseman smothered.

The "Sarge" was beloved by all Medicine Lake, not only for his pitching skill, which was considerable, but for certain exploits of his in the late fracas across the pond, from where he was sent back invalided, with a profusion of decorations.

The four-run lead did not dismay Casey. On the contrary it spurred him on to greater effort, rousing all his latent ability. Peering long in the direction of the grand stand, as if to draw inspiration from that source, he began pitching with superhuman zeal. He regained his control, and, with his speed rifle-like, the Wildcats became very tame thereafter. Inning after inning he mowed them down in rapid order. He was the Casey that pitched against the convicts.

But, as the "Sarge" showed no signs of weakening, Casey's retrieved form failed to lighten the gloom of the home fans, many of whom had bet heavily on the game. By the beginning of the ninth inning the score stood unchanged, 4 to 0 in favor of the visitors. That Gulchberg had a Chinaman's chance was not disputed by any one.

Casey was in a black mood as he faced the Wildcats for the last chapter. Mayor Davis had kept silent, but now and then he would catch that official's ominous look. He knew that some politicians had tender spots and variable temperaments.

Casey was determined to pitch his best to the end. Two Wildcats were retired on infield plays, and then Pitcher Durgan came to bat.

Peering in the grand stand longer than was his wont, Casey let sail the ball. It was low and wide of the plate, and passed thru Catcher McLeery. It careened to the left as it struck a pebble, and then a blasting detonation rent the air. Where the Gulchberg dugout had been was now a miniature crater with splinters scattered on all sides. Players and city officials scurried over to investigate, but the cause of the explosion completely baffled them.

The shock came with too much suddenness to affect the crowd, beyond eager questioning of what had happened. But when play was resumed in twenty minutes its interest reverted to the game as if nothing had happened.

The "Sarge's" last effort at bat looked very lame. Casey fanned him on three balls, which would have been called "balls" by the most myopic umpire had he not swung at them.

Casey slouched from the box greatly agitated and with a nauseating feeling all over him. He visualized what would have happened had Durgan thrown that fatal ball with the Gulchberg team occupying the benches. The thought sent icicles thru his spine and made him shiver.

Casey was not the only one that was trembling, for the soldier-hero in the box, on whom the booming of the 75s in the late mix-up had inflicted shellshock, had suffered by the explosion of the nitroglycerine, a recrudescence of his old affliction. His symptoms, strangely, were like Casey's.

The "Sarge" tried to pull himself together, but the Wildcats could have done no worse had they sent into the box their bat boy. His reversal of form was sad to behold. He excelled the gentleman from Borneo in wildness. Three bases on balls and a shoot that tickled the ribs of the Gulchberg third baseman brought in the first tally for the home team, with all bases occupied and none out. Hope revived in the Gulchberg fans, but shortly afterward it flickered as the "Sarge" pulled himself together and the next two sluggers weer put out on infield flies.

Casey was up next. As on three previous occasions he had fanned, it was natural that there should be hoots from the stands:

"Put in somebody that can hit!" they yelled. "This bird couldn't hit a barn!" "Get a new batter!"

MAYOR Davis did not yank Casey, as he had no one to substitute, but instead resorted to a private interview with him.

"I know they bribed you to throw this game," the mayor spoke, unmincingly. "As you showed up late, it must have taken you some time to have made up your mind. Now I want this game at all costs. If you come across with a hit and we win in the end, there will be an immediate pardon for you and a thousand dollars to boot; if you fall down, there's Detective Burnside in front of the grand stand to escort you back to the pen. It's up to you."

Mayor Davis was not certain of his accusation, but the fact was Casey had acted queerly thruout the game, particularly his squinting at the grand stand, from where he might be receiving signals. But whether true or not, the mayor thought his proposition to Casey was a fine stroke of strategy to get the best out of him.

Casey stammered his innocence of any duplicity, but the mayor didn't give him a chance to argue the question.

A glimpse of a white handkerchief in the grand stand made Casey swear that the game would be won. His jaw was set in grim determination as he faced the "Sarge."

He swung viciously at the first ball pitched, but his great zeal so affected his co-ordination that he missed the ball by a ridiculously large margin. Irate fans hooted in derision, and Mayor Davis concluded that Casey deliberately chose to make his residence in the penitentiary.

The next two balls were wide, which Casey declined, and two "balls" were called. The next pitch had the appearance of a strike and Casey swung with greater force, which only went to evoke more hoots from the stands; even from the farthest seat in the bleachers it looked as if Casey was trying to miss the ball.

There were strange oscillations in the region of Casey's knees, and a wild tumult in his diaphragm as the "Sarge" let sail the next ball. Casey swung with

(Concluded on Page 15.)

After a hard day's work ease tired, strained muscles *and* aching backs

BEEN at work all day, lifting heavy weights, standing on your feet, exposed to weather conditions and strains of all kinds? And now you're all exhausted, tired out, stiff with aching muscles, backache, weary feet, rheumatic twinges? Not a bit of it if you use Sloan's Liniment *freely* and promptly.

If you are wise you'll have a bottle of Sloan's Liniment on the shelf, at home, and in the shop. Just spread it over the aching part, *it penetrates without rubbing,* it stirs the blood to action, and quickly will come grateful warmth and relief. You'll be back on the job comfortably the next day. Good for rheumatic twinges, neuralgia, lumbago and and most any "external" pains that are all the time coming. Sloan's Liniment couldn't keep its many thousands of friends the world over if it didn't make good. That's worth remembering.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Get the largest size bottle for economy sake. It contains ***six*** *times as much as the smallest. 35c, 70c, $1.40.*

Sloan's Liniment The World's Pain's enemy

The Devil's Own.

(Continued From Page 4.)

reckon thet even Kirby didn't catch on ter her game et furst; an' when he did he wus too blame smart ter ever let her know. She don't think he knows yet, but she's liable fer ter find out mighty soon."

"But he cannot hold a white woman." I protested stoutly.

"Can't, hey! Wal', I reckon there are ways o' even doin' thet, an' if thar be, Kirby'll find out. They say thar's mor'n one way ter skin a cat, an' Joe never cut his eye teeth yisterday, let me tell yer. Thet gurl's not only white—she's got money, scads ov it, and is a good looker. I saw her, an' she's some beaut; Joe ain't passin' up nuthin' like that. I reckon she won't find no chance ter raise a holler fore he's got her tied good an' strong."

I stared blankly at the fellow, a thousand questions in my mind, and a dim perception of what he meant permeating my brain.

"Do you mean," I asked, horrified, "that he will compel her to marry him?"

"Sum smart little guesser, ain't yer? I reckon she's in a right smart way ter do it, et thet."

"And wus this the cause of the quarrel between Kirby and Kennedy?"

"Wal', I reckon it wus; leastwise Tim wudn't be mixed up in the affair none. They hed it prutty blame hot, an' I reckon thar'd bin a dead deputy if hedn't bin fer me. Tim thought I was a prutty gud frien' an' cum over yere ter liquor, an' eat. Ther joke ov it is, he never know'd thet Joe hed told me all 'bout the fix he wus in, afore we cum ashore. H—l, it wus all fixed up whut wus ter be done—only we didn't expect the steamer wus goin' on north. Thar's sum boys wantin' a drink; see yer agin."

I finished shaving, making no attempt to hurry, busily thinking over this new situation. In the first place why had Rale told me all this? Quite probably the indiscretion never occurred to him, or a thought that the matter would prove of any personal interest to me. He had been drinking, and was in a reckless mood; he believed me a common river roustabout, with few scruples of conscience, and possibly had even picked me out as an assistant in the affair. I felt convinced the man had some purpose in his conversation, and that he had not finished all he intended to say, when the entrance of customers compelled his return to the bar. His parting words implied that. Perhaps the revolt of the deputy made it necessary for the conspirators to select another helper to properly carry out their nefarious scheme, and Rale had decided that I might answer. I hoped this might prove the explantion, and determined to seek the earliest opportunity to impress upon that individual the fact that I was desperately in need of money, and decidedly indifferent as to how it was obtained. If I could only have a moment alone with Kennedy, in which to learn exactly what he knew. But it was plainly useless to hope for this privilege; the fellow slept soundly, his face hidden in his arms, the sleep of complete drunkenness.

The two soldiers, whose entrance had interrupted our talk, remained at the bar drinking until after I had completed my toilet; and were still there listening to a story Rale was telling when the slatternly white woman announced that supper was ready to serve. Seemingly I was the only one prepared to eat, and I sat down alone at a small table, constructed out of a box, and attempted to do the best I could with the food provided. I have never eaten a worse meal or a poorer cooked one; nor ever felt less inclined to force myself to partake. Finally the soldiers indulged in a last drink and disappeared thru the door into the night without. Tim slept soundly, while the other men remained engrossed in their game of cards. Rale wiped off the bar, glanced about at these, as tho to reassure himself that they were intent on their play; then, removing his apron, he crossed the room, and drew up a chair opposite me.

"All right, Sal," he grunted shortly. "Bring on whut yer got."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A NEW JOB.

HE REMAINED silent, staring moodily at the fire, until after the woman had spread out the dishes on the table before him. Then his eyes fell upon the fare.

"Nice looking mess," he growled, surveying the repast with undisguised disgust. "No wonder we don't do no business with thet kind ov a cook. I reckon I'd a done better to hav' toted a nigger back with me. No, yer needn't stay—go an' make up them beds in the other room. I'll watch things yere."

He munched away almost savagely, his eyes occasionally lifting to observe me from beneath their shaggy brows, his muscular jaws fairly crunching the food. I judged the fellow had come over intending to resume our interrupted conversation, but hardly knew what he had best venture. I decided to give him a lead.

"I ain't got no money, myself," I began to explain, apologetically, "but Tim thar sed he'd pay my bill."

"Sure, that's all right; I ain't a worryin' none. Maybe I might put yer in an easy way o' gittin' hold o' a little coin—thet is if yer in ain't too blame perticular."

"Me!" I laughed. "Well, I reckon I don't aim fer ter be thet. I've bin ten years knockin' 'bout between New Orleans an' Saint Louee, steamboatin' mostly. Thet sort o' thing don't make no saint out'r eny kin'd man, I reckon. What sort'r job is it?"

He eyed me cautiously, as tho not altogether devoid of suspicion.

"Yer don't somehow look just the same sort o' chap, with them ther' whiskers shaved off," he acknowledged soberly. "Yer a h—l sight better lookin' then I thought yer wus, an' a d—n sight younger. Whar wus it yer cum frum?"

"Frum Saint Louee, on the boat, if thet's what yer drivin' at."

"'Tain't what I'm drivin' at. Whar else did yer cum frum afore then? Yer ain't got no bum's face."

"Oh, I see; well, I can't help that, kin I? "I wus raised down in Mississip', an' run away when I wus 14. I've been driftin' 'long ever since. I reckon my face ain't goin' ter hurt none so long as the pay is right."

"No, I reckon maybe it won't. I've seed sum baby faces in my time thet sure hed the devil behind 'em. Whut's yer name?"

"Moffett—Dan Moffett."

He fell silent, and I was unpleasantly aware of his continued scrutiny, my heart beating fiercely, as I endeavored to force down more of the food as an excuse to remain at the table. What would he decide? I dared not glance up, and for the moment every hope seemed to die within me; shaving had evidently been a most serious mistake. Finally he spoke once more, but gruffly enough, leaning forward, and lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper:

"Wal' now, see yere, Moffett, I'm goin' fer ter be d—n plain with yer. I'm a plain man myself, an' don't never beat about no bush. I reckon yer whut yer say ye are, fer thar ain't no reason, fer as I kin see, why ye should lie 'bout it. Yer flat broke, an' need coin, an' I'm takin' ye at yer own word—thet ye don't care overly much how ye git it. Thet true?"

"Just 'bout—so it ain't no hangin' job."

"H—l, thar ain't really no manner o' risk at all. Yer don't even hav' ter break the law fer as I know. It's just got ter be done on the dead quiet, an' no question asked. Now look yere," and he glared at me fiercely, a table knife gripped in one hand. "I'm sum wild cat whin I onct git riled, an' if yer play dirt I'll sure take it out'r yer hide if I'm ten years a findin' yer. Yer don't want'r try playin' no tricks on Jack Rale."

"Who's playin' any tricks?" I protested, indignantly. "Whatever I says I'll do, an' thar won't be no talkin' 'bout it, nether. So whut's the job? This yere Kirby matter?"

He nodded suddenly, a bit regretful that he had gone so far I imagined, and with another cautious glance about the room.

"I'll tell yer all ye need ter know," he began. "'Tain't such a long story. This yere Joe Kirby he's a frien' o' mine; I've know'd him a long time, an' he's in a h—l of a fix. He told me 'bout it comin' up on the boat, 'an, betwixt us, we sort'r fixed up a way ter stack ther cards. Heres' how it all happened: Thar wus an ol' planter livin' down in Missoury at a place called Beaucaire's Landin'. His name wus Beaucaire, an' he hed a son named Bert, a d—d good-fer-nothin' cuss, I reckon. Wal' this Bert runned away a long while ago, an' never cum back; but he left a baby behind him—a gurl baby—which a quadroon slave give birth to. The quadroon's name wus Delia, an' the kid wus called Rene. Git them names in yer head. Ol' Beaucaire he knew the gurl wus his son's baby, so he brought her up 'long with his own daughter, who wus named Eloise. They wus both 'bout ther same age, an' nobody seemed ter know thet Rene wus a nigger. Fer sum reason ol' Beaucaire never set her free, ner the quadroon, nether. Wal' Kirby he heard tell o' all this sumwhar down the river. Yer see he an' Bert Beaucaire run tergether fer a while, till Bert got killed in a row in New Orleans. I reckon he tol' him part o' the story, an' the rest he picked up in Saint Louee. Enyhow it looked like a d—n good thing ter Kirby, who ain't passin' up many bets. Ol' Beaucaire wus rich, an' considerable ov a sport; people who hed seed the gurls sed they was both ov 'em beauties an' Eloise—the white one—hed an independent fortune left her thru her mother. So Kirby, he an' a feller named Carver—a tin-horn—planned it out betwixt 'em ter copper ol' Beaucaire's coin, an' pick up them gurls along with it."

"But how cud they do thet?"

"Luck, mostly, I reckon, an' Kirby's brains. The plan wus ter git Beaucaire inter a poker game, ease him 'long a bit, an' then break him—land, niggers, an' all. They didn't figure this wud be hard, fer he was a dead-game gambler, an' played fer big stakes. It was luck, tho, what giv' 'em their chance. Beaucaire hed sum minin' claim up on the Fevre, an' hed ter go up thar. It's a long, lonesom' trip, I reckon, an' so the other two they went 'long. They got the ol' chap goin 'an' comin', an' finally coddled him 'long till he put up his big bet on a sure hand. When he found out whut hed happened the ol' gent got so excited he flung a fit, an' died."

"Leavin' Kirby ownin' all the property?"

"Every picayune—niggers an' all. It wus sum sweep, an' he hed signed bills o' sale. Wan't nobody cud git it away frum him. Wal', Joe he didn't want fer ter make no fuss, ner scare the girl none, so he went down ter Saint Louee an' made proof o' ownership afore a jedge he know'd. Then, with the papers all straight, he, an' the sheriff, with Tim yere, the deputy, run up the river at night ter serve 'em quietly on the daughter—the white one, Eloise. Kirby he didn't aim ter be seen at all, but just went 'long so thar wudn't be no mistake. Yer see, them papers hed ter be served afore they cud take away the niggers. Kirby wus goin' ter sell them down river, an' not bother 'bout the land fer awhile, till after he'd hed a chance ter shine up ter this yere gurl Eloise. He'd never seen her—but, enyhow, he got thet notion in his hed."

"She wus the daughter; the white one?"

"Sure; he hed the other by law. Wal', when they all got thar, nobody wus home, 'cept one o' the gurls, who claimed fer ter be Rene—the one whut wus a nigger thet Kirby owned. Nobody know'd which wus which, an' so they hed ter take her word for it. They cudn't do nuthin' legal till they found the other one, an' they wus sittin' round waitin' fer her ter turn up, when the nigger gurl they wus watchin' got away."

"How'd she do thet?"

"Don't nobody seem ter know. D—n funny story. Way they tell it, sumbody must'r knocked Kirby down an' run off with her. Whoever dit it, stole the boat in which Kirby an' the sheriff cum up the river, an' just naturally skipped out—the sheriff's nigger an' all. It wus a slick job."

"Of course, they chased them?"

"Best they cud, not knowin' which way they'd gone. They reckoned the whol' bunch must'r got away tergether, so the sheriff he started fer Saint Louee, an' the others got onto a troop boat what happened ter cum 'long, an' started north. Long 'bout the mouth ov the Illinoy they caught up with the nigger-stealer named Shrunk. They hed a fight in an' about his cabin, an' sum killin'. Two ov the womin got away, but Kirby an' Tim got hold o' this gurl what hed claimed ter be Rene, an' a mulatto cook who wus a workin' fer Shrunk. I reckon maybe yer know the rest."

"I know they wus run down by the Adventurer an' hauled aboard. But how did Kirby learn his prisoner was white? Did she tell him?"

"I should say not. It was the mulatto cook who told him, altho, I reckon, he hed his doubts afore thet. I knew she wusn't no nigger the furst minute I got eyes on her—they can't fool me none on niggers; I wus raised 'mong 'em. But so fur's the gurl's concerned, she don't know yet thet Kirby's found out." He emitted a weak laugh. "It sorter skeered Joe ter be caught way up yere in this kintry, kidnapin' a white gurl. He didn't know whut the h—l ter do, till I give him a p'inter."

"You were the one who suggested marriage?"

"Wal', I sed she cudn't do nuthin' 'gainst him onct he wus married to her. I thought o' thet right away. Yer see this wus how it happened: Kirby sed he'd like fer ter marry her, an' I sez, 'Why not, then? Thar's an ol' bum ov a preacher yere at Yellow Banks, a sorter hanger-on ter one o' them militia companies, what'll do eny d—n thing I tell him to. I got the goods on him, an' he knows it.'

"'But she wouldn't marry me,' he says; 'yer don't know thet gurl.'

"'Don't I,' I asked sarcastic. 'Wal', thar ain't no gurl ever I see yet thet won't marry a man if the right means are used. How kin she help herself? Yer leave it ter me.'"

"And he consented?"

"He was d—n glad to, after I told him how it cud be done. But Tim he wudn't go in with us, an' thet's why we got ter hav' anuther man. Come on over ter the bar an' hav' a drink, Moffett; them other fellers are goin' ter eat now."

THE diversion gave me opportunity for a moment's thought. The plan was a diabolical one, cold-blooded and desperate, yet I saw no certain way of serving her, except by accepting Rale's offer. I had no satisfactory proof to present against these villains, and, even if I had, by the time I succeeded in locating headquarters and establishing my own identity, the foul trick might be executed without any aid, and the injured girl spirited away beyond reach. I did not even know where she was concealed, or how I could lay hands on Kirby. The genial Rale pushed out a black bottle and we drank together.

"Wal'," he said, picking up the conversation where it had ended, quite satisfied with his diplomacy, and wiping his lips on his sleeve. "What ye say, Moffett? Thar's a hundred dollars in this job."

"Whar is the gurl?"

"Oh, I reckon she ain't fur away; we kin find her all right. I got ter know bout yer first. Are yer game?"

"I'm game 'nough, Jack," assuming a familiarity I thought he would appreciate. "Only I don't want'r jump inter this yere thing without knowin' nuthin' 'bout it. What is it yer got lined up fer me ter do?"

He helped himself to yet another liberal drink, and I was glad to note that the fiery liquor was already beginning to have its effect, increasing his recklessness of speech.

"All right, Dan; have another one on me—no? Wal', h—l; I 'spose I might as wal' tell ye furst as last. Thar ain't nuthin' fer eny o' us ter git skeered about. We got it all planned. I sorter picked yer out 'cause thar ain't noboddy knows yer in camp here—see? If yer disappear thar won't noboddy give a d—n. An' thar ain't scarcely noboddy what knows the gurl is yere nether—only maybe a few soldiers, who thinks she's a nigger. We don't want this affair talked about none, do we? I reckon not. So we planned it out this way: Thar's a frien' o' mine got a shack down on Bear Crick, 'bout twenty mile below yere. He sells red-eye ter barge an' keelboatmen what tie up thar nights. Wal', he's all right—a h—l o' a good feller. What we aim ter do is run the girl down thar ternight, unbekno'nst ter enybody. I reckon yer kin ride a hoss?"

"Yes; so thet's my job?"

"Thet's the whole o' it. Yer just got ter stay thar with her till Kirby kin git away, without noboddy thinkin' enything 'bout it. It's d—n easy money ter my notion."

I thought swiftly. There were several questions I wanted to ask, but dare not. It was better to trust to luck, for I must lull, not arouse suspicion. Thus far the affair had played wonderfully into my hands; if I could maintain my part to the end, there ought to be no reason why the girl should not be saved uninjured. The one thing

(Continued on Page 12.)

Give Me These Things

Give me the dawn with a far sweep of red
To flush the sombre sea and lave the East . . .
The slap of waters . . . shrill gulls overhead
That swoop to feast.

Give me a lazy river bending down
Between the marshlands to a sheltered bay . . .
The silent hurry of a little town
At birth of day.

Give me the miles of broken, surf-torn coast,
The flood tide inlet and the lush-grass cove . . .
A sail to mock the gay wind's scud-flecked boast,
That I may rove.

Give me the blue beneath, the blue above,
The slow clouds gathered in a drifting fold . . .
A world unchanged, enduring things to love,
And keep your gold.

Give me the nights with all the leaning sky
Flung silver with the stars . . . the light caress
Of sleepy winds against the trees . . . and I
Know happiness.

—WINFIELD S. BROOKS.

A Million Dollar Secret

A Subtle Principle of Success

This subtle principle in my hands, without education, without capital, without training, without experience, and without study or waste of time and without health, vitality or will power has given me the power to earn more than a million dollars without selling merchandise, stocks, bonds, books, drugs, appliances or any material thing of any character.

This subtle and basic principle of success requires no will power, no exercise, no strength, no energy, no study, no writing, no dieting, no concentration and no conscious deep breathing. There is nothing to practice, nothing to study, and nothing to sell.

This subtle and basic principle of success does not require that you practice economy or keep records, or memorize or learn to do anything, or force yourself into any action or invest in any stocks, bonds, books, or merchandise.

This subtle principle must not be confused with memory systems, "will power" systems, Christian Science, psychology, magnetism, thrift or economy, nor should it be confused with health systems, auto-suggestion, concentration, "personality," self-confidence or opportunity, nor should this Subtle Principle be confused with initiative, mental endurance, luck, chance, self-analysis or self-control. Neither should this principle be confused with imagination, enthusiasm, persuasion, force of persistence, nor with the art or science of talking or salesmanship, or advertising.

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.

No one has ever succeeded in failing with it.

It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends for I was negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep. I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health, as my father before me. I was a "floater" and depended on luck for success. The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery as is always the case under similar condition.

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed intolerable. I reached a crisis in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit—out of this distress—arose within me a desperate reaction—"a final effort to live"—and through this reaction, arose within me, the discovery of the laws and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose within me the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing the principles of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. My life underwent an almost immediate change. I overcame illness through health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success and converted pauperism into supremacy.

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalties employ, either consciously or unconsciously. I also discovered a principle of evolution and believed that if I used it, my conditions would change, for I had but one disease—failure, and therefore there was but one cure—success, and I began to use this principle and out of its use arose my ambition, my powers, my education, my health, my success and my supremacy, etc., etc.

You may also use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously and profitably.

Just as there is a principle of darkness there is also a principle of failure, ill-health, weakness and negativeness. If you use the principle of failure consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this subtle success principle, and thus deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

I discovered this subtle principle—this key to success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races, and of all religions have used it either consciously or unconsciously, and as I am using it consciously and purposefully. It requires no education, no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Any one can use it. Anyone can harness, employ and capitalize it and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want.

It was used by

Moses,	Newton,	Christopher Columbus,
Caesar,	Wanamaker,	Lycurgus,
Napoleon,	Phil Armour,	Herbert Spencer,
Roosevelt,	Frick,	Woodrow Wilson,
Rockefeller,	Shakespeare,	Charles Schwab,
Emerson,	Mozart,	Charles E. Hughes,
Darwin,	Mendelssohn,	Abraham Lincoln,
Morgan,	Copernicus,	George Washington,
Harriman,	Confucius,	Marshall Field,
Lloyd-George,	Mohammed,	Sarah Bernhardt,
Clemenceau,	Cicero,	Alexander the Great,
Galli-Curci,	Demosthenes,	Andrew Carnegie,
Nordica,	Aristotle,	Elbert Hubbard,
Melba,	Plutarch,	Marcus Aurelius,
Cleopatra,	Vanderbilt,	Benjamin Franklin,
Edison,	Pericles,	

and thousands and thouands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries and of all religions, and of all colors, make a record of the action of this Subtle Principle of success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it—no one can succeed without it—no one can fail with it.

Every one realizes that human beings owe a duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree of wishing to profit without helping some one else. This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost every one, in discovering something of value, also wants his fellow man to profit through his discovery. This is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human beings, if I did not make every effort—every decent and honest effort—to induce every one to also benefit to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.

I fully realize that it is human nature to have less confidence in this Principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals, but I can not help the negative impression I thus possibly create. I must fulfill my duty to each member of humanity, just the same.

NOTICE: *The Subtle Principle of Success is a genuine power. Every reader of The Chicago Ledger is strongly urged to procure it for self. The service rendered humanity by Swoboda under his plan has not been paralleled in centuries.*

I do not urge any one to procure it because I offer it without any obligation whatsoever. I urge every one to procure the Subtle Principle of Success because the results it holds in store for each individual are great—very great.

This subtle principle is so absolutely powerful and overmastering in its influence for good, profit, prosperity and success, that it would be a sin if I kept it to myself and used it only for my personal benefit.

So sure am I of the truth of my statements—so absolutely positive am I of the correctness of my assumption and so absolutely certain am I that this Principle in your hands will work wonders for you—that I am willing to place this Subtle Principle of Success in your hands, at my expense, without any obligation whatsoever, on your part. You will recognize the tremendous value of this Principle within less than thirty minutes—in fact, almost immediately, as you become conscious of it, you will realize its practicability, its potency, its basic reality and its power and usability for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity, success and supremacy.

Thousands of individuals claim that the Subtle Principle of Success is worth a thousand dollars of any one's money. Some have written that they would not take a million dollars for it. You will wonder that I do not charge a thousand dollars for the Subtle Principle of Success—for disclosing this Principle—after you get it into your possession and realize its tremendous power and influence for your success and supremacy.

I, myself, have derived such tremendous results, amazing results—from its power, that I want every man and woman to have this key to success, prosperity, wealth and supremacy. This is why I am willing to send it to any one—to any address without any obligation whatsoever—this Subtle Principle of Success is yours to keep, yours to use for the attainment of your success, happiness and supremacy.

Remember, you are under no obligation whatsoever, to pay or to return anything to me. The Subtle Principle of Success is yours to keep.

You would never forgive me, and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed to bring you to the point of using this subtle principle of success. **You would never forgive me,** if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.

You want success of some kind. This is your opportunity to get it—to get what you want.

Write your address on the form below, or write me a postal or a letter, asking me to send you the Subtle Principle of Success without any obligation of any kind whatsoever, on your part, and you will receive by return mail, the Subtle Principle of Success—a Principle of supremacy—the key to your every success—the equal of which you have never seen.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 832 Berkeley Building
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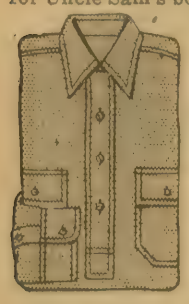

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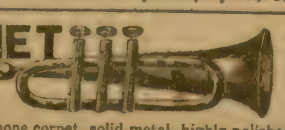

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The Devil's Own

(Continued From Page 10)

which I had feared no longer threatened—I was not to be brought face to face with Kirby. If we encountered each other at all, it would be in darkness, where there was only slight probability of recognition. The impatience in Rale's face drove me to declare myself.

"Why, if thet's all I got ter do fer a hundred dollars," I said gayly, "I'm yer man, Jack. An' how soon will Kirby be comin' down ter this yer place on Bear Crick?"

"In a day or two, I reckon. Soon's thar's sum boat headin' down river. Yer see, this yer's all camp; thar ain't no fit place whar we kin hide the gurl, an' make her keep her mouth shet. Them blamed soldiers are a moosin' 'bout everywhar, an' if she onct got talkin', our goose wud be cooked. Furst thing we got ter do is git her outen this camp."

"Ternight, yer sed?"

"'Bout midnight; yer'll go—hey?"

"I reckon; yer got the money?"

With his eyes fastened on the two men eating, he counted out some gold-pieces on the bar and shoved them over to me, keeping them under cover of his hand.

"Thar's half o' it, an' the rest is yers when ye bring back the hosses."

"How many hosses? Who's a goin'?"

"Three o' yer. Kirby's fer sendin' the mulatter gurl 'long. She's a free nigger an' might let her tongue wag. Now listen, Moffett, I'm a goin' out putty soon ter git things ready, an' I'll leave Sal yere ter tend bar. Now git this; thar's a right smart trail back o' the cabin, leadin' straight down ter the crick, with a spring 'bout half way. Thar ain't no guard down thar, an' ye can't miss it, even en the dark. The hosses will be thar et midnight waitin' fer yer. All ye got ter do is just put them two gurls on an' ride away. Yer don't never need ter speak ter 'em. Yer understand? All right, then; hav' another drink."

I shook my head.

"But how'm I goin' ter git ter this place—whatever it's called?"

"Thar ain't no trouble 'bout thet; all yer got ter do is ride straight south till yer cum ter the crick, an' yer thar. It's Jenkins' Crossing yer after."

"I reckon thar ain't eny Injuns, er nuthin'?"

"H—l, no; they're all t'other direction; nuthin' worse'n wolves. Say, tho, yer might have trouble with them gurls—got a gun?"

"No."

He reached back into a small drawer under the shelf, and brought out an ugly-looking weapon, tried the hammer movement with his thumb, and handed it over to me with a grin.

"Some cannon, an' I want it back. Don't fail at midnight."

"An' thar ain't nuthin' fer me ter do till then?"

"Not a thing; take a nap, if yer want'r. Sal kin wake ye up. I reckon I won't be back till after yer off."

I sat down in a chair and leaned back against the wall, tilting my hat down over my eyes and pretending to fall asleep. Thru half-closed lids I managed to see all that transpired in the room, and my mind was busy with the approaching crisis. Had Rale revealed all the details of their plan to me, I wondered. It seemed comprehensive enough, and yet it hardly appeared possible that they would thoughtlessly place in the hands of any stranger such an advantage. It would only be natural for them to withhold something—merely trusting me with what I actually had to know. Yet crime was forever making just such mistakes; these men had to place confidence in some one, and, after all, it was not so strange that the saloonkeeper had selected me. I had come to him a penniless river bum, representing a class he had dealt with all his life. I had played the part well, and he had found no reason to suspect me. Moreover the course they were pursuing appeared perfectly natural—the only means of carrying out their scheme, with the least possible chance for discovery.

Rale busied himself for some minutes before putting on his hat, counting over some money, and filling his bottles from a reserve stock underneath the shelf. The two men completed their meal and resumed their card game, while Sal hastily washed up the few dishes and tucked them away in a rude cupboard beside the fireplace. Tim slept peacefully on, but had slightly changed his posture, so that his face was now upturned to the light. The sight of his familiar features gave me an inspiration. He was, undoubtedly, an honest fellow, and had quarreled with Kirby over this matter, refusing to have any hand in it. He had supposed up to that time that he was doing no more than his duty under the law. If I could arouse him from drunken stupor, he might even be willing to work with me in the attempt to rescue Eloise. Rale disappeared thru the rear door after exchanging a few words with the woman, and did not return. I waited motionless for some time, fearful lest he might come back. Suddenly the front door opened noiselessly, and Kirby entered, advancing straight toward the bar. Sal served him, answering his questions, which were spoken so low I could not catch the words. His eyes swept the room, but the hat concealed my face, and he only recognized Tim. He paused long enough to bend above the upturned features of the unconscious deputy, not unpleased, evidently, to discover him in that condition.

"The d—d old fool," he muttered, perhaps not aware that he spoke aloud. "Rale has got him fixed, all right."

CHAPTER XXIV.

KIRBY AND I MEET.

SAL remained seated behind the bar, nodding, and, so soon as I felt reasonably assured that she was without interest in my movements, I leaned forward and endeavored to arouse Kennedy. This was by no means easy of accomplishment, and I was compelled to pinch the fellow rather severely before he sat up angrily, blurting out the first words which came to his lips:

"What the devil——"

His half-opened eyes caught my gesture for silence, and he stopped instantly, his lips widely parted.

"Meet me outside," I whispered, warningly. "But be careful about it."

The slight noise had failed to disturb the woman, and I succeeded in slipping thru the unlatched door without noting any change in her posture. Tim, now thoroly awake, and aware of something serious in the air, was not long in joining me without, and I drew him aside into a spot of deeper blackness under the trees. He was still indignant over the pinching, and remained drunk enough to be quarrelsome. I cut his muffled profanity short.

"That's quite enough of that, Tim," I said sharply, and was aware that he stared back at me, plainly perplexed by the change in my tone and manner. "You are an officer of the law; so am I, and it is about time we were working together."

He managed to release a gruff laugh.

"You—you d—n bum; h—l, that's a good joke—what'r yer givin' me now?"

"The exact truth; and it will be worth your while, my man, to brace up and listen. I am going to give you a chance to redeem yourself—a last chance. It will be a nice story to tell back in St. Louis that you helped to kidnap a wealthy young white woman, using your office as a cloak for the crime, and, besides that, killing two men to serve a river gambler. Suppose I had to tell that sort of tale to Governor Clark, and give the proofs—where would you land?"

He breathed hard, scarcely able to articulate, but decidedly sober.

"What—what's that? Ain't you the fellar thet wus on the boat? Who—who the devil are yer?"

"I am an officer in the Army," I said gravely, determined to impress him first of all, "and I worked on that steamer merely to learn the facts in this case. I know the whole truth now, even to your late quarrel with Kirby. I do not believe you realized before what you were doing—but you do now. You are guilty of assisting that contemptible gambler to abduct Eloise Beaucaire, and are shielding him now in his cowardly scheme to compel her to marry him by threat and force."

"The d—n, low-lived pup—I told him whut he wus."

"Yes, but that doesn't prevent the crime. He's all you said, and more. But calling the man names isn't going to frighten him, nor get that girl out of his clutches. What I want to know is, are you ready to help me fight the fellow—block his game?"

"How? What do ye want done?"

"Give me a pledge first, and I'll tell you."

He took a long moment to decide, not yet wholly satisfied as to my identity.

"Did ye say ye wus an army officer?"

"Yes, a lieutenant; my name is Knox."

"I never know'd yer."

"Probably not, but Joe Kirby does. I was on the steamer Warrior coming down when he robbed old Judge Beaucaire. That was what got me mixed up in this affair. Later I was in that skiff you fellows rammed and sunk on the Illinois. I know the whole dirty story, Kennedy, from the very beginning. And now it is up to you whether or not I tell it to Governor Clark."

"I reckon yer must be right," he admitted helplessly. "Only I quit cold the minute I caught on ter whut wus up. I never know'd she wa'n't no nigger till after we got yere. Sure's yer live that's true. Only then I didn't know whut else ter do, so I got bilin' drunk."

"You are willing to work with me, then?"

"Yer kin bet I am; I ain't no gurl-stealer."

"Then listen, Kennedy. Jack Rale told me exactly what their plans were, because he needed me to help him. When you jumped the reservation, he had to find some one else, and picked me. The

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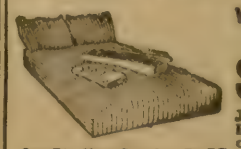

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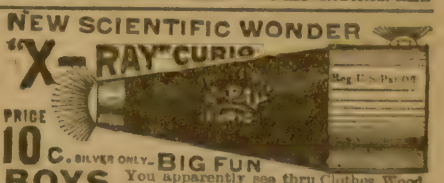

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first thing he did, however, was to get you drunk, so you wouldn't interfere. That was part of their game, and Kirby came into the saloon a few minutes ago to see how it worked. He stood there and laughed at you, lying asleep. They mean to pull off the affair tonight. Here's the story."

I told it to him, exactly in the form it had come to me, interrupted only in the recital by an occasional profane ejaculation, or some interjected question. The deputy appeared sober enough before I had finished, and fully grasped the seriousness of the situation.

"Now that is the way it stacks up," I ended. "The girl is to be taken to this fellow's shack and compelled to marry Kirby, whether she wants to or not. They will have her where she cannot help herself—away from any one to whom she could appeal. Rale wouldn't explain what means were to be used to make her consent, and I didn't dare press him for fear he might suspect me. They either intend threatening her, or else to actually resort to force—likely both. No doubt they can rely on this renegade preacher in either case."

"Jack didn't name no name?"

"No—why?"

"Only thar uster be a bum hangin' round the river front in Saint Louee who hed preacher's papers, en wore a long-tailed coat. Thar wasn't no low-down game he wudn't take a hand in fer drink. His name wus Gaskins; I hed him up fer mayhem onct. I'll bet he's the duck, for he hung round Jack's place most o' the time. Whatcha want me ter do?"

"It has seemed to me, Tim," I said, thoughtfully, "that the best action for us to take will be to let them place the girl in my hands, just as they have planned to do. That will throw them entirely off their guard. As things stand, I have no knowledge where she is concealed, or where to hunt for her; but it is evident she is in no immediate danger. They don't dare to force action here, in this camp. Once we succeed in getting her safely away, and remain unknown ourselves, there ought to be very little trouble in straightening out the whole matter. My plan would be to either ride around the camp in the night, and then report the whole affair at headquarters, or else to strike out direct for Fort Armstrong across country. The Indians will all be cleaned out north of here, and they know me at Armstrong. Do you know any place you can pick up a horse?"

"Thar's a slew ov 'em round yere," he admitted. "These fellers are most all hoss-soldiers. I reckon I cud cinch sum sort o' critter. Yer want me along?"

"Perhaps not, Tim. Your disappearance might cause suspicion, and send them after us. My plan is to get away as quietly as possible, and let them believe everything is all right. I want a day or two in which to work, before Rale or Kirby discover we have not gone to Bear Creek. I'll meet them alone at the spring down the trail, but shall want you somewhere near by. You see this is bound to mean a fight if I am recognized—likely three against one; and those men wouldn't hesitate at murder."

"I reckon not, an' it wudn't be their furst one nuther. Looks ter me like yer wus takin' a big chance. I'll be thar, tho; yer kin bet on thet, an' ready fer a fight, er a foot race. This is how I size it up—if thar ain't no row, I'm just ter keep still, an' lie low; an' if a fracas starts I'm ter jump in fer all I'm worth. Is thet the program?"

"Exactly—that's my idea."

"Wal' then, I'm a prayin' it starts; I want just one crack et thet Kirby, the ornary cuss."

WE TALKED the whole matter over in detail, having nothing better to do, yet did not remain together for long. With my eyes to a chink between the logs I got a view of the interior of the cabin. The two card players had disappeared, and I imagined they were rolled up in blankets in one corner of the room. Sal was alone, seated on a stool, her head hanging forward, sound asleep. Evidently she had received no orders from Rale to keep watch over the movements of either of us, and was not worried on account of our absence. In all probability the saloon-keeper believed the deputy was drunk enough to remain in stupor all night, and he considered my services as bought and paid for. He had traded with derelicts of my apparent kind before.

I felt nervous, anxious, eager for action. The time dragged horribly. If I could only be accomplishing something; or if I knew what was occurring elsewhere. What if something unforeseen should occur to change Rale's plan? Suppose, for instance, those fellows should decide to force the marriage tonight, instead of waiting until after arrival at Jenkins' Crossing? Suppose she resisted them, and was injured? A suspicion came to me that I might have misunderstood all this. My God! if I only knew where it was they had concealed the girl.

The two of us explored about the silent cabin, but discovered nothing. There was no light visible in the rear room, nor any sound of movement within. The two windows were closed, and the door locked. We found a convenient stump in the woods, and sat down to wait, where we could see all that occurred about the cabin. The distant camp fires had died down, and only occasionally did any sound, generally far away, disturb the silence. The night was fairly dark, the stars shining brightly enough, but dense beneath the trees; yet we managed to locate the nearer sentries by their voices when they reported posts. None were stationed close by. Everything indicated that we were safely outside the lines of camp. We conversed in whispers, until Tim, still influenced by his excessive drinking, became sleepy, and slid off the stump onto the ground, where he curled up on a pile of leaves. I let him lie undisturbed, and continued my vigil alone, feeling no inclination to sleep, every nerve throbbing almost painfully. Three or four men straggled into the saloon while I sat there, coming from the direction of the camp, and were doubtless waited upon by Sal. None remained long within, and all I saw of them were indistinct figures revealed for a moment, as the light streamed out thru the opened door. One seemed to be an officer, wrapped in a cavalry cloak—hunting after men out of bounds, possibly—but, later than 11 o'clock, there were no more callers. Soon after that hour the light within was turned low.

All the while I remained there, motionless, intently watchful for every movement about me, with Tim peacefully asleep on the leaves, my thought was with Eloise Beaucaire, and my mind torn with doubt as to the wisdom of my choice. Had I determined on the right course? Was there nothing else I could do? Was it best for me to thus rely on my own efforts—or should I have sought the assistance o fothers? Yet, where could I turn? How could I gain in time such assistance? I realized in those moments that selfishness, love, personal desire, had very largely influenced me in my decision; I was eager to rescue her alone, by my own efforts, unaided. I had to confess this to be my secret purpose. I could dream of nothing else, and was actually unwilling to share this privilege with any other. I felt she belonged to me; determined she should belong to me. From that instant when I became convinced that she was of white blood—that no hideous barrier of race, no stain of dishonor, held us apart—she had become my one ambition. I not only knew that I loved her; but I believed almost as strongly that she loved me. Every glance of her eyes, each word she had spoken, remained indelibly in my memory. And beyond doubt she thought me dead. Kirby would have told her that both men in the wrecked boat went down. It would be to his advantage to impress this on her mind, so as thus to emphasize her helplessness, and cause her to realize that no one knew of her predicament. What an awakening it would be when she again recognized me as actually alive, and beside her. Surely in that moment I should read the whole truth in those wonderful eyes, and reap my reward in her first impulse of gratitude. It was not in nature to share such a moment with another; I wanted it for myself, alone.

It was nearly 12 before even the slightest sound near at hand indicated the approach of others. I was already in an agony of suspense, imagining something might have gone wrong, when the dull scuffling of horses' hoofs being led cautiously up the trail to my right, broke the intense silence. I listened to assure myself, then shook Tim into wakefulness, leaving him still blinking in the shadow of the stump, while I advanced in the direction of the spring. Suddenly the darker shape of the slowly moving animals loomed up thru the gloom, and came to a halt directly in front of me. I saw nothing of Rale until he spoke.

"That yer, Moffett?"

"Yes; whar's yer party?"

I caught view of his dim outlines, as he stepped slightly forward, reassured by my voice.

"They'll be yere; thar's a bit o' time

(Continued on Page 15.)

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UNDER THE GINGKO

By Florence Martin Eastland

THE girl who hastened along the palm-shaded street was obviously looking for a residence number. As she stopped before a bungalow badly in need of paint, an eagerness came into her face and the hand fumbling the gate-latch was trembling. While walking up the sunbaked path her eyes seemed to miss no detail of the neglected yard. There was a tenseness in her attitude as she pressed the bell-button; but before the door was opened by a woman in soiled negligee, the girl's expression became one of stupidity. Her shoulders slumped, her eyes dulled, her mouth sagged. Apparently she was so embarrassed that she could not make known her errand.

"Are—is this——" she stammered.

"Mrs. Sheve, yes," was the impatient reply.

"I heard you was looking for a girl to mind your children and do housework," the girl finally blurted.

Mrs. Sheve regarded her speculatively.

"You don't seem very intelligent but I'm obliged to have some one immediately. Come in and stay this morning, at least. Of course, you don't expect the best wages."

"I'd like——"

"No matter now. We'll talk about that later."

She showed the girl to a small, hot bedroom off the untidy kitchen. Dust and disorder were everywhere evident.

"Oh! what is your name?" Mrs. Sheve stopped her instructions about the children's care long enough to ask.

"Belle Hartley." The girl's eyes were fixed staringly on the torn curtain near Mrs. Sheve who might, if less preoccupied with her own affairs, have seen a sidewise glance at her and that the girl's breathing indicated excitement.

"I suppose you have recommendations. Where is your home?"

Belle stared while Mrs. Sheve frowned.

"You mean some paper about how I can work?" Belle asked dully. "Here is one from Mrs. Smith in Los Angeles and this is from Mrs. Jones in Redlands and——"

"Why these are from neither. This is—can't you read?"

Dismay came into Belle's face.

"What if I can't? I come here to cook and wash dishes and mind the children. If you don't want me, I'll go somewhere else."

"No, no, it's all right. Perhaps it's better you can't. Stay right here and go to work."

Belle showed willingness by attacking the stacks of dirty dishes; but while apparently absorbed in the occupation, she paused near the door to listen when the voice of Mrs. Sheve's 8-year-old daughter shrilled:

"Are you taking your diamond rings, mamma? Mrs. Miller told a lady she s'posed you'd have to pawn 'em again and bail papa out of jail."

Left alone except for the children, Belle worked with swift efficiency. Cleanliness and order followed her magic touch. At length, with the children at a store some distance away to spend a dime she gave them, she stood before a littered desk. Patiently, yet eagerly, she searched thru the letters and papers in both desk and dresser drawers. She tucked two papers in the bosom of her shabby dress.

Early in the afternoon Mrs. Sheve returned in a mood none too good-natured. The man accompanying her wore a three-days' stubble on his face, a reptilian air, and a large size grouch. Belle listened intently.

"Who's in the kitchen?" he growled profanely.

"The new girl. I've got to have somebody here, for I must go out just the same. There's a club bridge party this afternoon where I think I can give the impression that this arrest is a persecution by an old enemy and amounts to nothing. The only thing to do is to bluff it out."

"Sh! she'll hear you."

"No danger. Can't read and is the worst blockhead I ever saw."

After serving the evening meal—excellently prepared—Belle shut herself in her bedroom and was apparently forgotten. It was after she had fallen asleep on her uncomfortable bed that voices in the kitchen disturbed her. Stealthily she crept to the door and removed the key from the lock in order to see what was possible. Within the limited line of vision sat a dirty man with hat shoved back from his coarse face. He was eating noisily and rapidly at the kitchen table. Mr. Sheve's voice sounded close by. "I tell you, Blim, we can't tear up two thousand-dollar bills. It's a crime to waste money that way."

"What'll they do for you if you're caught with 'em?" was the full-mouthed retort. "They're marked, you know. They'll send you to the pen, that's what. I won't carry 'em any longer."

"Listen, Blim, to the scheme I've thought out while I was in that rotten jail waiting for the hearing. It's absolutely faultless.

There was a grunt of disapproval.

"Now look here, Dan Sheve, I ain't going to have nothing more to do with your schemes. Wasn't it one of 'em that made old man Parke so mad that he laid to ketch you in another? And you wasn't so durned smooth in selling him that bogus stock that he wouldn't have had the drop on you if he hadn't died of heart failure jest as he had you covered and was reaching to telephone for the cop."

"Oh, you give me a pain, Blim!"

"And what you done, instead of running when you had the chancet, was to hold on to them marked bills and the extry roll you found in his safe when you was hunting for any evidence he might have against you. Didn't I warn ye? I had a hunch trouble was coming."

The girl looking and listening let herself down on her knees to ease her awkward posture. She almost held her breath lest she miss a word of the conversation which was becoming heated. She gathered that Blim waited outside when the robbery took place.

"Shut up, Blim," Sheve finally ordered. "You know yourself that we'd have got away with it all right if somebody, in settling Parke's affairs, hadn't come across a description of the marked bills and made it impossible for us to

"I Ain't Going to Do Away With Him. I Been Your Tool Long Enough."

cash them. I don't see how that happened, for I took every scrap of paper from his pockets and desk. It's the new evidence that's worrying me. That's what caused my arrest."

"Huh?"

"A fellow named Owen Reece has a garage over on Fourth street. He swears he saw me coming from Parke's office that night and noticed my face when I stopped to shut the door after you'd skipped. He had cut across a vacant lot and stood in the shadow, so I didn't see him. Was a stranger there visiting his parents living near Parke's home. Saw me recently and went before the grand jury here. Now the thing to do is to stop his evidence."

"You needn't go on," interposed Blim with haste. "I ain't going to do away with him. I been your tool long enough."

"Listen, you fool!" came sharply. "If you don't help me out I can drag you into it. But what I want you to do is as simple as A-B-C. The bills will be placed in a tin box and buried under the gingko. Pretending you're sick, you will stagger into Reece's garage some night soon and ask to lie down until the attack passes—he has a cot in the little room at the back, but he sleeps elsewhere now. Don't let him take you to the hospital. Tell him you know you're going to die and he must do one thing for you—bring you the box from under the gingko. You can beat it as soon as he's gone. The rest will be in my hands. I'll have him arrested with the box in his possession. We're due to lose two thousand dollars, but he'll surely take my place in the pen, and it serves him right for meddling."

Belle could see Blim's anxious face. She heard his faint protests and his eventual agreement to do the bidding of Sheve the following night, if possible. When the men went out she chuckled into the darkness before she gayly sought her bed.

SHEVE and his wife went away early the next morning. They would have been astonished if they could have seen the maid, whose stupidity they had denounced at breakfast as monumental, hurriedly seek the dictionary before they were two blocks distant: "G—g-i-n—g-i-n-g-k-o, here we are," she was whispering. "Gingko, a tree of Japanese origin with foliage resembling the maidenhair fern. In some places in America it grows to the height of eight to ten feet."

Anxiety replaced the momentary exultation of having solved one mystery. Where in the sprawling city of fifty thousand people could she locate a gingko? The problem occupied her attention while she mechanically performed the household tasks, settled quarrels between the Sheve children and listened to the Sheve difficulties as revealed by their shrill-voiced daughter. Mamma had to pawn her diamonds every little while, but she made papa get them back. Sometimes he had lots of money that he didn't make from his real-estate office. But she wasn't to tell that or she'd be whipped. Sometimes the

grocer wouldn't let them have anything and they were all hungry till papa got some more money. Didn't Belle think money was awful nice? Then mamma didn't scold and she kissed papa when he came home.

Belle absently agreed to everything. She was thinking hard. If she warned Owen Reece, there would be nothing to connect Sheve with the plot. He must be implicated as the chief offender. There would be small satisfaction in punishing Sheve's man Friday. It would therefore be unwise to ask aid of the police yet. She knew, altho an inmate of the Sheve home but a day, that the man was a rascal, sharp enough heretofore to keep out of prison; that the wife was equally dishonest if not an active participant in the plans to produce money. The coup of laying Sheve's crime on an innocent head was the only thing that could save him from imprisonment and disgrace in the community where he had wormed himself into prominence. Who was carrying the marked bills—Sheve or the mysterious Blim?

A sudden thought came to her. Mrs. Sheve had stated that she would not return until 5 or 6 o'clock. Groceries and meat had arrived for dinner, so Belle had several hours at her disposal. She gave the children their luncheon, left food for a tea-party with neighboring children invited at her suggestion, found a certain address in the telephone directory, and departed, leaving the telephone receiver hanging the length of its cord.

"I wish to speak to the park superintendent," Belle said a little later to the lady who answered her ring.

"He isn't in just now, but,"—observing Belle's disappointment—"perhaps I can do for you."

"My inquiry is about a rare tree or shrub, the gingko."

The lady had no knowledge of the gingko. Certainly there was not one in either of the public parks, but there were some rare shrubs and trees at the Bidloe home and—why, to be sure—the Bidloes' Japanese gardener might know if there was a gingko within the city's limits.

Belle hurried off to find the Japanese gardener; but while passing a florist's shop she changed her mind and went inside. Fortunately the man in charge was Japanese. To him she stated her desire. He studied for a moment before he went to the telephone and spoke in his native tongue. Soon he came back bowing and smiling, with the information that his son, a grocer, had seen a gingko growing in an old yard at the end of Magnolia avenue. The house had been destroyed by fire some years before and the yard was neglected and unsightly. Belle pressed a dollar into the florist's hand, found a taxicab, and rode almost to the end of Magnolia avenue before she dismissed it.

After a short walk she reached the sought-for place, a lot at the top of the hill a block or two from any house. The gingko was easily located, altho surrounded by untrimmed shrubs—lilacs and fuchsia trees. Close by was a large pepper tree. Before Belle left, she made a rough map of the lot.

Her fingers fairly flew while she washed the dishes after an early dinner. It was not yet dark when Belle appeared with her hat on and carrying her shabby straw suitcase. There was an altercation when she requested her wages. Mrs. Sheve, of course, objected to the departure of the efficient maid, and refused to pay for the two days' service. After a short argument——

"I go anyway," Belle declared.

She hurried to a good hotel and asked for her key. In the privacy of her room she threw off her ugly clothing, rearranged her hair, and donned a middy blouse and plaited skirt under which she wore gymnasium knickbockers. She was quite another girl—attractive, sparkling and vivacious instead of being plain and dull. She slipped up the avenue. From shrub to shrub she crept until she reached the gingko and searched with a pocket flashlight for signs of fresh earth about it's base. Sheve or Blim had not come. Lightly she swung herself into the low-hanging branches of the pepper tree. Barely had she settled herself comfortably amidst the screening foliage when steps approached. By peering down she was able to discern the outline of a man. He moved toward the gingko. Presently came a soft sound of digging.

Breathlessly she waited until his receding footsteps could no longer be heard, when she dropped silently from her position and ran to the gingko. A small trowel from the pocket of her knickerbockers unearthed the tin box; but as she lifted it out, a speck of white showed in the hole. Eagerly she grasped it. She could have hugged herself in delight; for the bit of pasteboard was Sheve's business card probably dragged from his pocket when he took out the box and had escaped his notice in the dark. It made the evidence complete. To a distant corner she sped where she might, undetected, examine the box by the guarded rays of her flashlight. Her heart beat fast as she removed the two thousand dollar bills and closed the box again.

To the gingko she ran, dropped the empty box into the hole, pushed over it the loose earth, and swung herself into the convenient pepper tree. She settled herself for a long wait, but to her surprise, it was less than a half hour before she heard voices and footsteps. A bulky form smashed its way to a clump of tall lilac bushes.

"Get near the road, Riley," a voice from the clump directed, "but wait till I call. Sounds like bunk to be told to arrest whoever digs up anything, but we've our orders."

BELLE waited in intense expectancy, scarcely daring to breathe. Occasionally a twig cracked or a heavy sigh sounded from behind the lilacs. She could not judge of the length of time that had passed when she heard a cheery whistled tune. A man with a flashlight forged noisily ahead thru the overgrown shrubs, quite openly using his light to find the way. Belle guessed it was the young man, Reece. He stopped beneath the gingko and began to dig. Very soon there came the impact of iron against tin. A surprised "Well!" distinctly reached Belle's ears. The man behind the lilac bush rushed forward and there appeared to be a scuffle. A whistle brought Riley.

"What does this mean?" the digger demanded. "You've made a mistake. I'm Owen Reece. I was told by an old fellow stricken in my garage today that he knew his hour was near and that before he died he wanted to get something buried beneath this tree. He begged so hard that I promised to come. It——" He stopped to whistle softly. "By George! I've walked right into a trap. I'll bet this is a frameup. Open the box and let's see what it contains."

"When we get to the station—not before." The officer pocketed the box.

There was a rustling of leaves close by. Almost before the officers could turn around Belle dropped from the lowest branch of the pepper tree and advanced to the group.

"Will you let me go along, too?" she asked of the officer. "My testimony may prove valuable in this case.

Reece leaned forward to peer into her face.

"Haven't I met you before?" he asked.

"I think not."

"Your voice sounds familiar."

Belle laughed as she replied:

"You have a remarkable memory."

Riley drove the car in which Reece had come, while the other three rode to the station in the police auto driven by Reece, well guarded. As the four entered the station Sheve arose with a satisfied "Ah!" But as his eyes rested on Belle, he showed uneasiness and suspicion.

The usual proceedings sped forward. Reece learned he was suspected of having robbed the man Parke of a large sum, consisting of two marked thousand-dollar bills, besides other money. It was thought the box he unearthed contained part or all of the loot. The officer produced the box while Sheve watched with ill-concealed satisfaction. When it was opened there was, of course, nothing inside. On every face except Belle's shone astonishment.

"Told you it was all bunk," growled the disgusted officer. "No case at all."

'But there is a case," spoke Belle triumphantly. "I was concealed in the branches of the pepper tree when that man"—pointing to Sheve—"came and buried the box; also, one of his business cards, no doubt accidentally. After he went I dug up the box, took out the marked bills—these—and placed the box back under the gingko. I can divulge a scheme detailed by that man to his pal, Blim, the man who went to Mr. Reece's garage today, whereby Mr. Reece was to be convicted of the Parke swindle and robbery in this county. I shall take great pleasure in giving evidence that will convict that man when his trial takes place.

"Who are you?" Reece asked with interest.

"A girl who talked to you over the telephone three months ago; the one who lived next door to the parents you were visiting, and who was summoned from college upon the sudden death of her only relative. To be explicit, I am Isabelle Hartley Parke, whose present occupation is to convict the man who cheated and robbed my father, and who, to a certain degree, was responsible for his death."

* * *

The Devil's Own.

(Continued From Page 13.)

ter spare yit. I aimed not ter keep 'em waitin'. Here, this is yer hoss, an' yere's the leadin' strap fer the others. Better tie it ter yer pommel, I reckon, so's ter leave both yer hands free—yer might hav' need fer 'em. We'll tend ter mountin' the gurls, an' then all ye'll hav' ter do will be ter lead off. Thar wan't be no talkin' done yere. Better walk the hosses till yer git crost the crick, so the sojers won't hear yer. Got that?"

"I reckon I hav', an' sense 'nough ter know it without bein' told. Did yer think I wanted ter be catched on this job?"

"All right, but thar's no harm a-tellin' yer. Don't be so d—n touchy. Eney-boddy in the shack?"

"No; only the woman, asleep on a stool."

"Whar's Tim gone to?"

"I reckon he don't even know hisself: he's sure sum drunk."

Rale chuckled, patting the side of the horse next him.

"Whole caboodle workin' like a charm," he said, good humoredly. "Thought onct the deputy might show up ugly, but a quart o' red-eye sure fixed him—thar's our party a-comin' now. Ye're ter stay right whar ye are."

They were advancing toward us up the bank which sloped down toward the creek. It occurred to me they must be following some well-worn path, from the silence of their approach—the only sound being a faint rustling of dead leaves. Rale moved forward to meet them across the little open space, and a moment later, from my hiding place among the motionless horses, I became able to distinguish the slowly approaching figures. There were four in the party, apparently from their garb two men and two women. The second man might be the preacher, but if so, why should he be there? Why should his presence at this time be necessary? Unless the two main conspirators had special need for his services, I could conceive no reason for his having any part in the action that night. Had I been deceived in their plans? The horror of the dawning conception that possibly I had waited too long, and that the deed I sought to prevent had already been consummated, left me trembling like an aspen. Even as this fear overwhelmed me with consternation, I was compelled to notice how helplessly the first of the two women walked—as tho her limbs refused to support her body, even tho apparently upheld by the grip of the man beside her. Rale, joining them, immediately grasped her other arm, and, between the two, she was impelled forward. The saloonkeeper seemed unable to restrain his voice.

"Yer must'r give her one h—l o' a dose," he growled, angrily. "Half o' thet wud a bin 'nough. Why, d—n it, she kin hardly walk."

"Well, what's the odds?" is was Kirby who replied sarcastically. "She got more because she wouldn't drink. We had to make her take it, and it wasn't no easy job. Gaskins will tell you that. Have you got your man here?"

"O' course: he's waitin' thar with the hosses. But I'm d—d if I like this. She don't know nuthin', does she?"

"Maybe not now; but she'll come around all right, and she signed her name. So there ain't no hitch. She seemed to get worse after that. Come on, we can't stand talking here; let's get them off, Jack, there isn't any time to waste. I suppose we'll have to strap her into the saddle."

I held back, and permitted them to work, merely leading my own horse slightly to one side, and keeping in his shadow. I doubt if Kirby even glanced toward me, altho if he did he saw only an ill-defined figure, with no glimpse of my face. But the chances were that I was nothing to him at that moment—a mere floating bum whom Rale had picked up to do this job; and just then his whole attention was concentrated upon the half-conscious girl, and his desire to get her safely out of that neighborhood. My presence meant nothing of special interest. Gaskins brutally jerked the shinking mulatto forward, and forced her to mount one of the horses. She made a faint protest, the nature of which I failed to catch clearly, but the fellow only laughed in reply, and ordered her to keep quiet. Eloise uttered no word, emitted no sound, made no struggle, as the two other men lifted her bodily into the saddle, where Kirby held her, swaying helplessly against him, while Rale strapped her securely into place.

The entire proceedings were so brutally cruel that it required all my strength of will to restrain myself from action. My fingers closed upon the pistol in my pocket, and every impulse urged me to hurl myself on the fellows, trusting everything to swift, bitter fight. I fairly trembled in eagerness to grapple with Kirby, hand to hand, and crush him helpless to the earth. I heard his voice, hateful and snarling, as he cursed Rale for his slowness, and the hot blood boiled in my veins, when he jerked the girl upright in the saddle.

"Thar," said the saloonkeeper, at last, testing his strap. "I reckon she can't fall off nohow, even if she don't sit up worth a d—n. Go ahead now, Moffett."

Both the men stepped aside, and I led my horse forward The movement brought me more into the open, and face to face with Kirby. By some trick of fate, at that very instant a star-gleam, piercing thru the screen of leaves overhead, struck full into my eyes. With an oath he thrust my hat back and stared straight at me.

Next week's installment and the week following that will wind up the story. The biggest scene and the biggest surprise are yet to come. By the way, how did you enjoy this story thus far? Will you write the editor and tell him? He'll be glad of your verdict, whether favorable or unfavorable.

* * *

Dual Pursuits.

(Concluded Page 9.)

all his strength, and there was no fanning the air this time. A resounding whack was evidence that ball and bat had kissed, and the pellet sailed over the fence destined to gladden the heart of a small boy in whose pocket it found a resting place. The final score stood, Gulchberg, 5; Medicine Lake, 4.

Casey returned to the pen, but it was only for a short stay. Mayor Davis adhered to his promise and Casey used the thousand dollars as a down-payment on a bungalow. He might have paid down two thousand dollars had he cared to ask for the reward the Gulchberg Chamber of Commerce offered for any information leading to the apprehension of the party or parties who tried to wipe out the Gulchberg team.

* * *

A Trial Marriage.

"Are you sure that you like him well enough to want him for a husband?"

"I wouldn't say quite that. But I do feel that I like him well enough to want to give him a trial."

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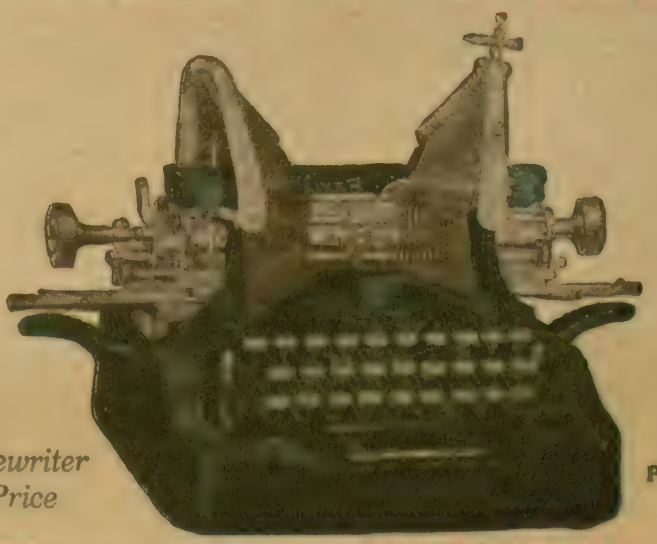

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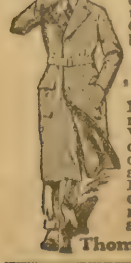

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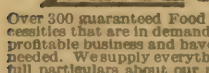

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Off Half Moon Reefs

(Continued From Page 6)

too much of his irreparable loss.

The old schooner's cabin was enlarged and refitted, and with the few articles of furniture and keepsakes not sold at auction Jane started in to create a new home atmosphere that would compensate in part for their mutual loss. How well she had succeeded could be judged by the look of contentment in Captain Holding's eyes as he leaped over the lee rail and watched the shore on the day Roger Mason appeared in the cove.

Jane, coming out of the cabin, stood silently by his side, her eyes on the deepening shadows near the shore. They were not much alike in appearance—the girl blond and small like her mother, with fair hair and blue eyes; but on closer inspection one could see a resemblance between the giant captain and his child, for in spite of the disparity in size and coloring they had the same gentle eyes and strong features. They understood each other, and thru years of mutual confidences they had learned to interpret each other's thoughts, often without words.

"We'll get away on the next tide," the captain remarked, removing his pipe a moment. "It will be full at midnight."

Jane said nothing, accepting the remark as a matter of fact. She was watching the shore when Roger, making his way down the embankment, came in sight. She saw him first, and pointed. "Who's coming?" she asked.

Captain Holding squinted and shook his head. "Stranger to me," he replied. "Reckon he's lost his way. Don't seem to be familiar with the path."

"He's—he's either sick or drunk," Jane added slowly after a pause. "He walks so."

"Drunk likely."

"No, it's from weakness. He's lost, and all tired out." Her eyes were keener than her father's, and after another pause, she commented: "He's young—not much more than an overgrown boy."

Roger, burning and shaking from the after-effects of the poison, with every nerve in his body crying out for another dose, staggered and stumbled along until he reached the beach. He stopped there to gaze at the schooner. Seeing the two observers on the deck watching him, he waved a hand.

"Ship, ahoy, Captain!" he called. "Anybody home?"

"What's he want?" mumbled the old skipper, addressing Jane in an undertone. "Don't like the looks of him."

"He's all right," murmured Jane. "Hail him, or I will."

Holding removed his pipe and waved it as a sign of welcome. "Fine evening!" he called. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Sure! I want to come aboard."

"What for?" was the suspicious inquiry. "We don't carry passengers."

"No, but you haven't had supper yet," replied Roger, grinning. "I can smell the fumes on the evening air, and, to be frank with you, Captain, it agitates me. I feel like the poor man at Lazarus' table—grateful for crumbs."

"He's hungry," murmured Jane sympathetically. "I told you he was lost. I'll bring him aboard and feed him."

"Better send one of the crew."

"No, I'll take the dinghy. The men are at mess."

Jane generally had her way in such matters, and Captain Holding merely nodded assent. The schooner's dinghy was already in the water, fastened to the stern. Jane climbed into it, and dexterously rowed it to the beach.

Roger saw her coming, with eyes that slowly widened in surprise and astonishment. He hadn't expected to find a woman aboard the schooner, and this one approaching the shore was not only young, but comely and graceful in appearance and actions. His astonishment gave way to embarrassment.

"Jump in," she said briefly, when the bow grated on the beach. "I'll hold her."

When he slipped and nearly lost his balance, she caught him with one hand that was firm and strong. Mortified by his weakness and clumsy slip, he laughed in an attempt to conceal his chagrin.

"Haven't got my sea legs with me," he said. "Rotten work. I'll do better the next time."

He sat down rather heavily on the stern seat. Jane noticed the vain attempt to conceal his weakness. She nodded, smiling pleasantly.

"You've been sick," she commented, sympathetically.

Roger made no reply, and she didn't seem to expect any. He watched her bare arms as they pulled at the oars and swept the small boat skimming back to the schooner. Her face was toward him, and he had a chance to study it closely, but he avoided her eyes, keeping his own focussed on the Sky Pilot.

When she offered to help him to the deck, he sprang up hastily and climbed the few feet before she could reach him. Captain Holding, watching him closely, smiled and nodded his head wisely. No one but a sailor, or one accustomed to the sea, could do the feat just in that way.

"You've been on ships before," he remarked, advancing and extending a hand.

"Who hasn't?" challenged Roger, grinning. "Most everybody has, unless he's a farmer."

The skipper smiled, and studied him from head to foot. "You caught the smell of our grub, and liked it," he added slowly after a pause. "Well," without giving him a chance to reply, "there's enough of it to go around. The crew's at mess now."

Jane, who had started for the cabin, stopped suddenly. "They must be nearly thru," she observed. "I don't think there'll be anything left. I'll set a plate for him with us."

Captain Holding frowned in disapproval, but before he could protest the girl had continued on her way to the cabin. "She's boss," he said, winking. "I guess you'll grub with us. What's your name?"

"Mason—Roger Newcomb Mason."

The skipper hesitated, undecided whether to accept the glib retort as true or fictitious. "All right, Mr. Mason," he added finally, waving the doubt. "There's a bucket of water. After you've washed up we'll eat."

Roger went thru his ablutions with more than perfunctory interest. The cool water felt good to his feverish brow, and he splashed it vigorously over his head and face. Then he took a long drink from another bucket, and announced himself ready for supper. Captain Holding led him to the cabin in silence.

It wasn't an ordinary ship's cabin. It was more like the interior of a home ashore. It had been enlarged so that it had many of the comforts of a combination sitting-room, dining-room and sleeping quarters of a bungalow designed for a small family. Everything was compact and arranged for economizing space; but the home touch, from the curtains at the windows to the pictures on the walls, was what struck Roger the most.

Jane had put an extra plate on the table, which was of the disappearing type that folded up when not in use, and was ready to serve them when they entered. The place was reeking with the savory odors of well-cooked food and steaming hot coffee. Jane was her own cook, releasing the ship's cook for serving the crew forward.

ROGER'S appetite was keen enough for any food; but the taste and flavor of the thing placed before him made it ravenous. He was ashamed of it, and tried surreptitiously to sate it without appearing greedy. Jane waited on them in her quiet way, replenishing their plates with th stew without asking if they wanted more. Captain Holding was a good feeder himself, and observing this Roger was less quixotic in accepting and disposing of the generous portions allotted him.

The meal finally came to a close, and the skipper sat back in peace and contentment. He lighted his pipe and took a few reflective puffs. Then he turned interrogatingly to his guest.

"You've been to sea?" he questioned. "Deep-water seaman, too," he added. "Noticed it soon's you came aboard. But out of practice. Been ashore so long you're clumsy's a landman. Been sick, too, haven't you?"

"Yes," nodded Roger, "pretty sick—weak as rags now. You saw that when I stumbled aboard."

"I noticed it. Couldn't help it. What was the matter with you?"

Roger did not answer. A furtive glance at Jane's eyes watching him made him ashamed of the cause of his weak-

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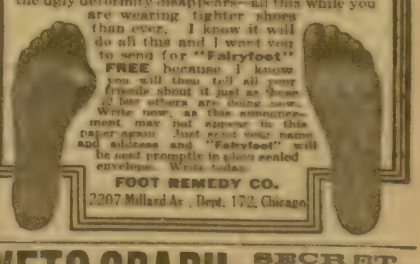

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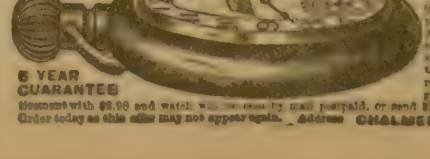

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ness. He wondered if she could read the symptoms of his trouble in his eyes and face. A dope victim carried the hallmark of his profession around with him.

"When were you at sea last Mr. Mason?" the girl asked, saving him the necessity of replying.

"A year—two years—maybe longer," Roger stammered. "I don't exactly remember. My memory's a little out of gear."

She leaned across the table, resting her chin on the palms of her hands, and looked him frankly in the eyes.

"You'll go back when you get well, won't you?" she added. "It's hard to keep one ashore if he really loves the sea. I couldn't stand it a year on land."

Roger was silent. He had no intention of going to sea again; he had given it up for good after that last memorable voyage when he had suffered the torments of purgatory. Henceforth he would stay on land, where a man could get his dope when unstrung nerves demanded it. What was the good of living if one couldn't find surcease from pain! His nerves were twanging now, demanding the drug, and the mere thought of a sea voyage where none could be obtained terrified him.

The girl did not press her question. Jane had a way of asking, and then answering herself or passing on to another subject, without offending or giving one chance to show embarrassment if disinclined to speak.

"This will make my fifth year afloat," she added, reminiscently, "and I like each one better than the last."

Captain Holding took up the quizzing at this point, breaking in while the girl was deeply absorbed in her own thoughts.

"You want a job?" he asked abruptly. "I'm shorthanded, and the sea air would do you good. You wouldn't be much use at first, but you'd pick up. Let me see your hands."

Roger involuntarily opened and closed them, and then closed and hid them in his pocket. He laughed good-naturedly. "Thanks, Cap'n, but I'm not signing up. I told you I'd had enough of the sea."

"Know anything about navigation?" calmly persisted the old skipper.

"I sailed an old hooker into port once," Roger boasted, "after the captain was killed, and the first mate fell sick."

"Dead reckoning?"

"Sure!"

"Ever have a license?"

"Forst-mate's. But lost it—got in trouble with an old South Sea tartar, who swore he'd break me. Guess he did. Anyway," shrugging his shoulders, "I'm out of it, and couldn't get a job splicing a rope if I wanted it."

"Yes, you can, Mr. Mason," came the unexpected retort from the Captain. "You can get it right here. If what you say is true—about navigation and a license—you can ship with me as—as——" He stopped and scrutinized Roger closely, and then glanced into Jane's eyes as if for guidance. She nodded her head gravely.

"I told you I was shorthanded," the man went on after a pause. "I am, but, worse luck—I'm short of good officers. I'll ship you as a seaman, and three days out, if you can prove your words, I'll give you a good berth."

A painful silence followed. Roger got a fleeting glimpse of his past—of what he had been before the drug had ruined his nerves and stomach, and what he might be again if he had the will power to conquer the habit. His eyes drifted to the face of the girl. Jane would always be aboard; her presence would add to the zest of the new adventure; she was a likable girl, with clear, starry eyes that somehow invited trust, and she had made a home on the schooner for the skipper which he could share with them.

For a moment sudden resolve flared up weakly, and then almost as suddenly subsided. He hadn't the courage to face the torments of a sea voyage without a supply of the drug, and without it—— He caught his breath as he suddenly recalled the reason for his presence aboard the Sky Pilot. He was plotting for the downfall of Captain Holding and Jane! The reward?—a pinch of Doc Melchoir's stuff and half of any price set on their heads for smuggling!

His bargain with the man on the hillside became distasteful to him. When he had made it he didn't know there was a woman aboard the schooner. Jane's presence made all the difference in the world. He couldn't fight a woman; he hadn't fallen quite so low as to betray a girl who trusted him.

"Will you sign for the voyage?"

The skipper's question broke in upon his disordered mind and brought his thoughts up with a sharp turn.

"I couldn't qualify, Capt'n," he said, gulping. "I'm out of practice. I'd disappoint you, and——"

"That's for me to decide. I give you the chance. We sail at midnight on the flood tide."

For an agonizing moment Roger wavered in indecision. His eyes drifted toward the girl's face. She nodded gently, and said: "I wish you'd come, Mr. Mason."

Roger rose unsteadily to his feet. The world seemed to be swimming around him. His nerves were crying for the relief that could come only thru one source. "I—I can't!" he stammered hoarsely. "I'm not fit!"

Then seeing the expression of disappointment in Jane's eyes, he jerked himself upright, threw his head backward and laughed harshly. It was an unpleasant laugh. He knew the girl opposite shuddered; the sound of it made his own ears tingle. He was ashamed, mortified, but he had the courage to go on.

"You don't understand," he said harshly. "'d like to go. I'd like to be a man again. But it's too late. I'd fail you—shock you—disgust you. I'd jump overboard in two days to get——"

He stopped again, a wry smile twisting his lips. His voice now suddenly became steady and constrained. "I'm a dope fiend, Capt'n," he said quietly. "I can't live without cocaine anymore than you can live without food and drink. It's got me! I can't escape it! I'd commit murder to get it—yes, downright, deliberate murder."

He laughed, showing his white teeth. "Now do you want me?"

Captain Holding exchanged glances with his daughter before answering. Then nodding gravely, he replied:

"Yes, we still hold open the offer. We knew all this before you told us. It's something you can't hide. Look at your arms."

Rogers was stunned into silence. After a while he whispered: "And you still want me?"

"Yes."

He turned to Jane. She nodded gravely and waited.

CHAPTER III.

FOR one who had not signed up as a member of the crew, Roger had unusual liberties. He was given the freedom of the deck and cabin without cavil or watching. At first he thought Captain Holding was keeping him under close observation; but when he casually strolled forward and mingled with the crew the skipper did not follow.

There were six in the crew—three of whom were foreigners, square-headed Dutchman or Scandinavians, who answered to the names of Booly Hansen, Pete Swanson and Niels Peterson. The other three, of a higher order of intelligence, and of American, or at least cosmopolitan extraction, were Ben Ames, acting first mate; Abel Freeman and Lije Soles. The cook was a Southern darkey they nicknamed "Whitey."

Roger was an object of curiosity to those interested enough to give him any attention. Most of the crew were indifferent to his presence aboard. They were paid wages to navigate the Sky Pilot and not to ask questions of every stranger.

Ben Ames displayed the greatest interest by virtue of his position of command. "Signed for the trip?" he asked, scowling at Roger when he appeared forward.

"Signed nothing!" replied Roger, grinning. "Do I look like a sailor?"

Ames considered, closing one eye in a squint. "No, you don't," he confessed. "I merely wanted to know if the Capt'n had run in another greenhorn. It's a hellofacrew we've got now."

"It's always that way," grinned Roger. "The usual crew's a hellofacrew until the first mate breaks 'em in."

Ben Ames frowned again. "What d'you know about it?" he growled. "You ever at sea?"

"More times than you've got fingers and toes."

This information mollified the mate to the point that he deigned to add: "Where?"

"Hong-Kong, Victoria, Honolulu, Vancouver, Adelaide, New Zealand and the whole South Seas," Roger reeled off glibly.

Ben Ames stared at him with belligerent eyes, his face flushing angrily. "That's a lie," he said smoothly, "but let it go, seeing you ain't one of the crew."

"And if I was?" impudently queried Roger.

Ames shrugged his shoulders. "I'd teach you not to lie to me," he said slowly.

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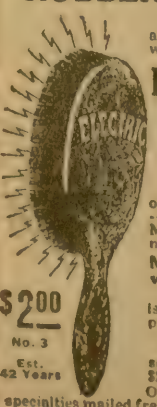

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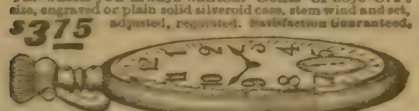

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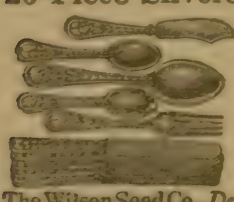

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"You may have a chance to do that yet," laughed Roger, walking away.

It was growing dark rapidly. The cove was already almost as black as midnight. The incoming tide was covering the flats and sandbars so that the course of the channel was less clearly defined. The gurgle of the water against the sides of the schooner had a merry sound that awakened echoes in Roger's mind.

He strolled aft and stood looking over the lee rail at the blurred shore line. It was there that Chic Doby, the man he had made the bargain with, would first appear. Roger knew his cue by heart. All he had to do was to wait for the flood tide. If nothing happened before, he was to expect a signal—a red light that burned steadily a few moments and then went out. That was to inform him Chic had failed to get his force to the cove in time to board the schooner before she sailed.

Roger hoped he would succeed; it would save him the necessity of doing anything. He objected to physical effort of any kind, and the whole business had now become distasteful to him. He wished he was well out of it—except that he had to have the cocaine Chic had promised him as a reward for his services. If he failed him, or if the schooner sailed away with Roger aboard, his twanging nerves, insistently crying out for the drug, would drive him crazy.

The cold perspiration broke out on his forehead at the bare thought of such a catastrophy. If Chic failed him, or if he failed Chic, he would jump overboard. He could swim—he used to be an excellent swimmer—but the cold, gurgling waters made him shiver. He had no desire to try his strength against them. The tide was strong, and the muddy bottom was like quicksand.

He listened anxiously for any sound of a boat putting off from the shore. A splash of a breaking fish or the dive of a night bird startled him into a fresh outbreak of nervous fear. Why didn't the boarding party come? Chic had promised to get them there before the tide reached the ebb, if it were humanly possible.

It was past 10 now, and the whole cove was as quiet and peaceful as a desert. At 10:20 Captain Holding joined him at the rail. He stood a moment by his side in silence.

"We'll sail in a hour, Mr. Mason," he said finally. "You'll have to make up your mind before that. I'll send you ashore in the small boat before 11 if you wish. After that——"

"I'll have to swim," Roger finished for him.

The skipper nodded. "I suppose so When the sails are up I can't spare a man."

The Captain walked away, disappearing slowly in the darkness. Roger saw him stand before the binnacle light a few moments before going below. After that he was left to his own reveries. The minutes were ticking away rapidly. Ten-thirty came, and he was still watching and waiting.

"Mr. Mason."

Roger swung around as if something had stung him when the cool, quiet voice spoke his name. He hadn't heard Jane approach, and it was perhaps her knowledge of that that made her announce in this way. He fought to quiet the nervous tumult she had caused him.

"Where's your father—gone below?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes, he's taking a few minutes' rest before we go," she replied. "Why?"

"Nothing," he murmured. "He sails at 11," he added. "It must be pretty near that now."

"It will be after 11 before we get under way," she corrected. "We'll raise the sails in half an hour, but it will be nearer half past before we pull up anchor. It's risky to go out of here much before full tide."

"I see," he nodded. "And the tide isn't full until nearly midnight."

"Eleven-forty," she explained.

They remained side by side, listening to the swish of the water and the call of the shore night birds. Roger was perfectly content to remain quiet. Conversation was difficult just now. His rebellious nerves were aggravated by the anxiety of the moment. The hour and minute were approaching when something should happen, or he, Roger Newcomb Mason, would have to betray by his own act the girl and man who had befriended him. One hand slipped into a pocket to make sure his clasp-knife was there. It was, and he sighed with relief—or distress.

"What time is it now?" he asked suddenly in a sharp voice.

"Ten-forty-five," she replied, glancing at her small watch with its luminous dial.

They resumed their silent meditation, leaning across the rail. Jane had no intention of leaving him. It occurred to Roger that she was there for a purpose. Had the Captain sent her to spy on him, or was it that she wanted him to stay, and knowing her presence might influence him she was determined to remain? His throat was so dry that he swallowed several times before he could use it for speaking.

"I'l have to go in fifteen minutes," he said.

"Yes, father set the time at 11," she replied evenly. "But," smiling at him thru the darkness, "I could stretch a point or two. I could set you ashore after the sails were raised. I'm not needed, you know."

"It's just as easy to go before as after," he mumbled. "I wouldn't bother you."

Still he remained by her side. If she could guess his object—if she suspected the double motive that detained him—if—if—— Oh, well, there was still time! If Chic Doby had his party assembled in the cove; they could board the schooner in time. That would relieve Roger of any responsibility in the matter. He would not have to take any active part in betraying his friends.

A NOISE on the shore suddenly attracted the attention of Jane. She glanced up and looked intently in that direction. After a prolonged pause, she sighed, and remarked: "It must have been some wild animal. I thought I heard a branch or stick break."

"I heard it, too," whispered Roger in a shaking voice.

They waited and listened together for another minute, but the noise was not repeated. Then back of them came the sounds of heavy footsteps as Captain Holding emerged from the cabin. He glanced around the deck, peered in the direction of the waiting couple, and then, addressing Ames, said:

"We'll get the sails up now, Ben. Call the crew."

It was 11 o'clock! The time was up for Roger's departure, and Chic's boarding party had not arrived. His nerves shook and vibrated like the chords of a harp in a wind. He felt like shouting and screaming. He had to have the drug; he couldn't wait another minute!

"Remember," a cool voice whispered in his ears, 'T'll take you ashore any time up to—to—the moment of sailing."

Instead of being grateful for the friendly advance, he drew away from her. He didn't want to speak to her—to touch her.

The arrival of the crew on deck alarmed him. Ben Ames' harsh voice was giving orders. A moment later he heard the rattling of blocks and the whipping of ropes. They were raising the sails.

He turned his eyes shoreward. Why didn't Chic come? Was he going to fail? Roger's hands trembled so that when he grasped the rail it seemed to shake with him. What right had Chick Doby to put him into such a situation? No right whatever? He wouldn't live up to his bargain. He would plunge overboard and swim to the shore.

Jane's hand suddenly rested on one of his arms. "What is that?" she whispered. "A red light!"

A red light was twinkling on shore. It was the signal agreed upon. If Chic couldn't get his men in the cove in time to board the schooner, Roger was to cut the sheet ropes, the halyards, anything to delay the sailing of the Sky Pilot. The red light notified him that the game was up to him.

The rattling of the ropes and sails had reached Chic's ears, and fearful lest the schooner escape he had flashed the signal. And Roger's response was to be the flash of a match as he lighted a cigarette on the lee side!

"It's gone now," whispered the girl, referring to the light that had vanished as suddenly as it had appeared. "I wonder what it was."

"Probably some one ashore with a red lantern," ventured Roger, struggling to keep his voice under control.

Jane nodded, and waited for a reappearance of the light. Roger fumbled in his pocket for a match. "You don't mind my smoking, do you?" he asked, striking one.

She indicated her assent with a nod. The match flared up an instant, burned brightly, and then went out. Roger's cigarette was still unlighted. In his agitation he had forgotten it.

"You haven't a light," Jane said. "Strike another match."

"No!" he said roughly, throwing the cigarette in the water. "I've changed my mind. I won't smoke after all."

There was nothing agreed about two lights, and Roger didn't want to confuse the signals. Chick knew that he had seen the red light. There would be no repetition of it to arouse suspicion.

"Maybe I can be of some help with the sails," he murmured, moving away from Jane.

"Aren't you going ashore?" she asked gently.

"Not now," he replied briefly. "If I want to go I'll go alone—swim it."

There was no other choice. He had cut his bridges behind him. It was now or never. The last of the sails was up. In ten minutes the schooner might be under way. She was already tugging desperately at the anchor chains. A fresh shore breeze was blowing, whipping and bellowing the sails and rattling the blocks.

Roger walked toward the main rack. With a slash of his knife across a taut rope here he could bring down the flap-

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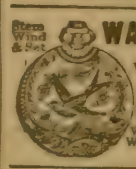

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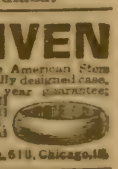

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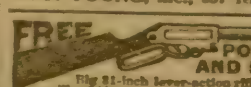

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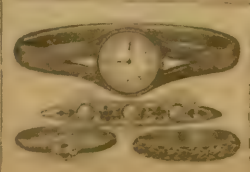

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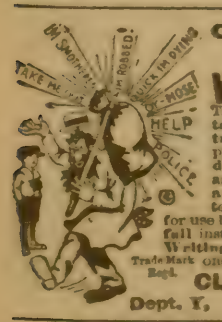

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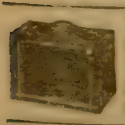

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ping mainsail and cause indefinite delay. Captain Holding would not sail with his schooner partly crippled.

It was an easy, simple trick. No one would suspect him—certainly not until it was discovered the rope had been slashed by a knife, and by that time Roger would be ashore.

He paused there, hiding in the shadow of the truck. There was no hurry. It would be better to wait until the anchors were raised. Then, just at the moment when the schooner was free, a sudden accident to the mainsail might throw her off her course and plunge her nose into a sand bar. The channel was very narrow and crooked. Of course, that was the critical moment to act. Roger grinned at his own craftiness. His seamanship and knowledge of ships made his services doubly valuable. Chick Doby ought to give him an extra supply of cocaine for beaching the schooner.

There was a sudden clanking and rasping of chains, and Roger knew the anchors were being pulled out of the mud. In another minute he would have to act. He crouched in the shadow of the truck, and took his clasp knife from his pocket. Opening it, he waited.

The Sky Pilot was now free! she was swinging her nose into the wind. Roger could feel the pull of the sails as the wind filled them. They were under way, threading the narrow channel for the sea.

Still Roger waited. Just ahead, he knew from his afternoon observations, the channel ran close to a point of land where one could almost leap from the schooner to the shore. The channel was so narrow there that a slight erratic move would throw the bow of the Sky Pilot into shoal water.

Five minutes passed. Then ten. The schooner was gathering speed. Roger could see that they were approaching the critical point. Captain Holding was at the wheel, skilfully navigating the tortuous stream.

When they came to the point where the channel sharply shifted its course, Roger raised his knife and placed the keen blade across the rope he had chosen. A little pressure, and then a mighty crash! The point was reached, and still Roger hesitated. His hand holding the knife seemed weak and nerveless.

The schooner was already changing her course. In another moment she would be safe in the broader channel beyond. It was now or never!

But Roger waited and waited. The silence of the night was almost oppressive. His nerves were jangling and quivering. Where was Chic Doby? Had he secured the drug from Doc Melchior? If so he would have it if he had to strangle the man to get it.

There came a sudden splash in the water near the shore. Roger raised his head and listened. Had something happened? He saw Jane run to that side of the schooner and peer over it.

"Good-by!" she called softly, waving a hand.

Roger grinned. She had accepted the splash as an indication that he had plunged from the schooner to swim ashore.

Enough has been related in the foregoing first installment to convince Ledger readers that here is a sea story that cannot fail to hold their interest right up to the end of the final chapter. All who have been waiting for a thrilling and romantic story of this kind, one fairly teeming with intrigue, mystery and action, will surely greet this five-part serial with genuine delight.

* * *

Funny People and Fudge.

"THERE'S no question that most people are funny," said the girl who was making fudge for the crowd.

"I know it, and the funnier they are the less they'll admit it," agreed the girl who was wrapping Christmas presents in white tissue and holly. "What particular brand of humor did you mean, Jane?"

"Oh, Jane goes thru life bursting into peals of laughter at everything," observed the girl who was sewing a velvet bag. "And I never know at what. Sometimes I think it's me."

"Oh, Esther," expostulated the girl who was making fudge. "I hardly ever laugh at you. But people are such a scream! When you're in an elevator that's already full, you know, and you see a million women on the floor below as you slide slowly down, and they all turn up their faces hopefully and prepare to push and gouge and shove their way thru the door when the elevator stops, and then you continue serenely on by—well, it always kills me to see the determined look change to one of wrath and baffled rage. I love it."

"Oh, you're perfectly awful!" cried the girl who was filling bags with nuts and candy. "It's funny to you, of course, because you always seem to be in the elevator, somehow; I'm usually among the waiting. I don't see how you do it."

"Oh, I get there early and start at the top and work down," said the girl who was making fudge. "Then if the elevator is crowded I can always take the stairs."

"Who else is funny?" asked the quiet girl.

"Well, women who stop in front of street cars and start and turn about and suddenly make up their minds to go and shriek and dash back when the car starts, like chickens in front of automobiles, you know. And women who stand right by mud puddles and then, when passing autos splash them, gabble about it for ten minutes. And women who get on cars and stand for five minutes looking for a nickel, while fourteen people and a boy wait behind them. And the girls who argue about who's going to pay for the lunch, and girls——"

"My goodness!" cried the girl who was sewing bags. "Are all your funny people of the female sex?"

"Not at all," said the girl who was making fudge. "There are men who wear striped socks, youths who take your arm to help you down a four-inch curbstone, the noodles who send you books for Christmas when you'd rather have chocolates, and——"

"How about the girls who like to talk so much that they burn the fudge?" inquired the girl who was filling bags.

"Mercy on us, have I burned it?" cried the girl who was making fudge. "No, it just boiled over a bit. But you're right, Marie, I'll keep still about funny people and beat this a while."

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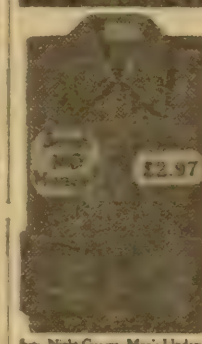

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Absolutely FREE

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THIS is a straight-from-the-shoulder proposition that every man and woman should take advantage of right this very minute. I claim that my Large Size "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to thread the finest needle—to read the smallest print—to see far or near—to protect your eyes and prevent eye strain and eye pain, which usually cause headaches.

Furthermore, I claim that my Large Size "Perfect Vision" 10-Karat, Gold-filled Spectacles are the best and most handsome looking spectacles you have ever seen.

They Will Enable You to Read The Finest Print Thread A Small-Eyed Needle, or Shoot A Bird Off The Tallest Tree

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Sit down right now—this very minute—and fill out the coupon below at once; let Uncle Sam deliver into your own hands, at your own door, a pair of my 10-Karat, Gold-filled, Large Size "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, in a handsome velteen-lined, spring-back, Pocket-book Spectacle Case, for you to try fully ten days absolutely free. Fill in this coupon and mail it to me at once.

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 33, ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your 10-Karat, Gold-filled, Large Size "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, complete, also a fine leatherette, velteen-lined, spring-back, pocket-book spectacle case, without a cent of cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $2.15 only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed in the above advertisement to send them on ten days' absolute free trial. With this understanding I mail you this certificate, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word and I will stick to mine. Don't fail to answer the following questions:

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Name .....

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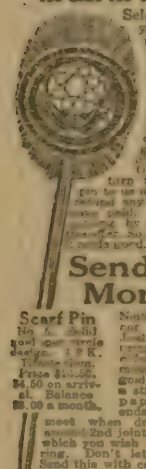
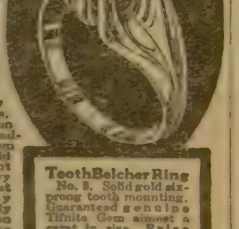


Select the ring you want or the stick pin and send the coupon. When it comes pay only $4.50 on arrival. Wear it 10 days. If [illegible] pay balance [illegible] as [illegible] under the [illegible]. Then if for any reason you do not wish to keep the gem you can return it and we will refund any money you have paid. You risk [illegible] by accepting [illegible] offer. So send while [illegible] is good.



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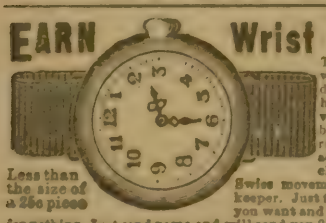

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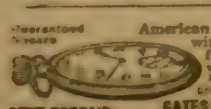

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When True Friends Meet

By Marie Lyle Bennett

WITH a start a young man seated on the shady step of a vacant house aroused from mid-afternoon somnolence. He had selected the spot to get rest and cool. He had unsciously passed the bound of wakefulness, and had dozed.

A nearing turmoil, a deafening uproar assailed his senses. He was evidently an alert, wide-awake fellow, for he was on his feet in a twinkling. He was almost carried off his balance as a large-size collie dog rounded the corner, a tin can tied to its tail. The yells of a pursuing crowd of urchins echoed directly on the trail of the frightened and exhausted animal.

Something in the face of the young man must have suggested to the dog that he had found a friend and protector, for the poor, hunted animal dove directly between his legs and crouched there. At once Norman Hudson penetrated the situation. He stooped and removed the tin can and petted the trembling refugee on the head.

"That will do, my lads," he announced quietly, but firmly, as a mob of a dozen boys came into view.

"Water—Food—Heat!" He Uttered Weakly.

They scattered and faded away without defiance. The young man resumed his seat on the doorstep. The dog adhered closely to him.

"You poor fellow! In need of a friend, eh?" soothed Norman Hudson, patting the shaggy head of his new acquaintance, who looked with deep gratitude up into his eyes.

There was human pity expressed in the tone of the speaker, there was pathos in his gentle caresses. Hudson smiled, but sadly. It was a hard world, and both he and the dog realized it. Within the great, brave soul of the man, however, was courage and hope indomitable. For all that affairs were at their lowest ebb, and he was both penniless and hungry.

THE dog lay down at his feet, as tho worn out and content to repose under such supreme guardianship. It was when Norman arose to continue his way that the animal acted strangely and disturbed. He followed Hudson; he whined. He would come to halt, look up pleadingly and half turn, as if eager to guide Hudson in a direction contrary to that in which he was headed.

"Go home, old fellow!" ordered Hudson, accompanying the words with a peremptory wave of the hand. He would fain have kept this affectionate acquaintance with him, but he recognized grewsomely that just at present he was not able to keep himself. To his surprise the dog refused to budge, and as Hudson turned his back and moved on, trotted to his side, uttered quite a growl and, seizing Hudson by the coat, regarded him challengingly.

"Now, how shall I interpret this?" mused Hudson. "The animal wishes me to go with him. Why? Where?"

To the strange persistency of the collie Hudson gave attention now. The animal released his hold of the coat the moment Hudson changed his course. Now, quite animated and wagging his tail in a satisfied way, the dog trotted ahead of Hudson.

"Our canine friend seems to have some use for me, I see, and I'll follow the adventure to the end," decided Hudson.

It pleased his fancy and it made Hudson forget his hunger, for he was hungry. He was neither discouraged nor hopeless. His was too bright a spirit for that. He had come from a country town, an orphan, with only a brief experience as a clerk in a local general store, and had for two months found a position in a city business place. The firm had failed. Since then, with empty pockets, the daily program had been a quest for new employment.

Bad as the situation was, Hudson had inherited from it a most pleasant memory. It was one of Hazel Ross. She had worked in the same office. She had liked him, seemed to have few friends, and there was an undertone of sadness in her life that made Hudson believe she was under the stress of trouble or sorrow. He had, however, never intruded on this, altho a mutual confidence and interest had grown up between them. Then the break in employment put an end to their pleasant companionship.

The sweet, patient face of Hazel Ross, her gentle guiding ways, had made a better man of him. They had inspired the hope that some day he might reach the crest of fortune and ask her to share life's experience with him.

AFTER a steady progress of over a mile, the dog turned into an unfenced lot in a poor neighborhood. In its center stood the wreck of a once pretentious mansion. The upper windows were protected by closed iron shutters. Below, closed inside blinds shut out the merest view beyond the old and dismantled window frames. Everything suggested decay and disuse.

The dog led the way to a doorless entrance to the cellar. Its dimness caused Hudson to cautiously grope his way. His guide ascended a flight of steps and passed down a damp, dismal hall, halting at a closed door. The animal looked up into Hudson's face.

"He has done his part. Does mine lead beyond that door?" Hudson questioned himself.

The animal grew impatient, lifted a paw and noiselessly tapped at the closed door. Hudson leaned forward and listened intently.

"Help!"

The utterance was weak, but freighted with agony. Hudson pushed open the door. Upon a couch in a corner of the room lay a helpless, cadaverous old man. His eyes lighted up with relief and eagerness at the appearance of Hudson.

"Water, food, heat!" he uttered weakly. "Three days unable to move! And the terrible fever! I could not move even to get to the window to call for aid."

Incoherently the old man babbled forth the situation. Living alone had brought the penalty of an almost fatal isolation. Hudson explained his incidental appearance on the scene. The old man feebly patted the head of his loyal animal friend.

"Water, food, heat!" The old man had pointed to a rear room, and Hudson was soon busy about the little kitchen. Within two hours he had Gabriel Rushton comfortable. Within two more he had the confidence of the recluse, whom he had reached just in time.

"I was robbed, deserted by the false-hearted nephew who induced me to send away the child of an old friend whom I had adopted," narrated Rushton. "He led me to believe she was not loyal, and hoped for my death to inherit what I have. Alas! I trusted the wretch. A week ago he disappeared with some money I kept in the house. He left me ill and helpless. I now know that he grossly deceived me as to the girl whom I so cruelly turned adrift—poor, dear Hazel Ross!"

"Hazel Ross!" repeated Hudson in profound amazement, and well he might, and then he told of his recent acquaintance with his fellow office-worker.

In feverish eagerness Rushton implored Hudson to find her, to bring her to his side. It was a pathetic reunion and it terminated in Hazel regaining the love and protection of old Gabriel Rushton.

His bitter experience made him cherish the three true friends now at his side—for the humble collie it was who had been the means of bringing them together.

Norman Hudson found new employment, Gabriel Rushton began to lose his miserly instincts, and, as wife of the one and adopted daughter of the other, Hazel made the rehabilitated home a rare nest of comfort and happiness.

* * *

Naturally.

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"Who is he?"

"The barber."

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This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.—Adv.

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Sweetening Uncle Gorham

By St. Clair Harper

"MOTHER wants to know," began the little girl with two front teeth out and a floppy blue bow on her straggly hair, "mother wants to know, please, can she borrow two cups of sugar, Mrs. Whackbill, and she's ever so much obliged."

"Well!" exclaimed the lady thus addressed, surveying her young caller in the open kitchen door, "I'm always willing to be accommodating—but sugar—you see, sugar——"

"That's just what mother said," the young person interrupted eagerly. "She said 'sugar' just like you did—as tho she was in church or something. She said to explain that it was very special or she wouldn't ask and she's nearly distracted, especially as Uncle Gorham is deaf and can't see to read the papers much and probably hasn't heard anything about sugar, she says. He's coming."

"Oh—is he?" queried Mrs. Whackbill a trifle vaguely. "Just what is the trouble at your house, Isabel?"

"IT ISN'T trouble," explained the young person with the floppy bow, setting down her bowl expectantly; "it's company. You see, it's father's Uncle Gorham who's going to leave him all his money, and it's most important that he shouldn't want anything he can't get, and he always was greedy for desserts, father says. Maybe he'll buy us an automobile while he's here. Mother's going to have the Dobells come with their new machine and take us all out riding, and then it'll be perfectly easy to say, 'Isn't this the most wonderful car, Uncle Gorham, and doesn't it ride comfortably? Why, if it was one of those $5,000 cars it couldn't be any nicer—I never was any hand to pay extravagant prices when something cheaper would do just as well—not that there is any chance of my buying a car with prices for food so awful and my child's education——' And then Uncle Gorham will feel sorry and——"

"My word!" gasped the lady of the house. "Hadn't you better run on home, Isabel——"

"Just as soon as you get time to give me the sugar," said the young person. "Besides, mother can't make the dessert till she finishes changing the rugs and things. She says there isn't a bit of use in letting Uncle Gorham see that new set she got for the guestroom only last month because we truly aren't as rich as it looks and what's the use of throwing cold water on any gen'rous ideas Uncle Gorham might have? Of course, all of our wallpaper is brand new and that has to stay, but the rug's gone downstairs, too, and the one from Mattie's room with the hole in it is in there. Of course, we haven't got Mattie now and mother says goodness knows when we can afford to buy food for another cook, let alone wages, but it's Mattie's room. We've got all the canned fruit in there, and isn't it lucky mother had sugar on hand to put up so much strawberries and——"

"I haven't a thing but a dozen glasses of jelly this year myself!" said Mrs. Whackbill, a bit indignantly, "so if you have such a lot why don't you use it for dessert while——"

"Uncle Gorham likes pies," explained the caller. "Lemon pies especially, and they take an awful lot of sugar. And puddings with sirupy sauces and things. I'm glad he's coming. Father says if he only pulls us out of the hole we're in it'll be worth having to hear him tell about how he won the Civil War. And I mustn't mention his wig, because he always tells you how heavy hair runs in his family and his father had every hair in his head when he died at 98. Do you suppose Uncle Gorham will live to be 98?"

"PEOPLE do, sometimes," said Mrs. Whackbill. "Isn't that your mother I hear calling from upstairs?"

"No," said the young person. "She hasn't breath to breathe, she said, so I know she couldn't call me, and, besides, she's telephoning the Mercers not to come over tomorrow night to play cards. If Uncle Gorham saw us playing cards he'd never understand because he hasn't noticed what's going on for twenty years, mother says, and there's no sense risking things because it's awful easy to make new wills and there's no use getting him all worked up."

"Here's your sugar," interrupted Mrs. Whackbill hurriedly. "I need it, but this is worth it."

"What is?" asked the young caller.

"Never you mind," Mrs. Whackbill told her firmly. "And don't spill it, please, when so much depends upon it."

His Face Looked Familiar

"YOUR face looks familiar, but I don't quite place you," began the talkative stranger. "I know I've seen you somewhere."

"You must have, I've been there," retorted the reticent man.

"It couldn't have been in Muskogee, could it?" queried the talkative one.

"Maybe," was the laconic reply.

"What's the matter with me?" pursued the talkative one with a laugh. "I haven't been there in seven years and I can't remember a face long. Was it Portland—either of them?"

"Might have been."

"No, it wasn't" corrected the talkative person. "No, sir! I didn't meet you in Portland. Let me think a moment.

"I remember that I had gone there on a business deal. In fact, that is the only reason I go anywhere. I have interests that carry me all over. However, I must admit that I have been a little broad in that last statement. It really doesn't take me all over—that is, not all over the world. I have never been to Japan. Were you ever there?"

"Who knows?" the reticent man answered.

"My mistake, my friend," returned the talkative one. "We'll forget that. I am not trying to become personal or pry into your affairs or travels in any way. It is merely a hobby with me.

"For all I know, you might be a boyhood friend of mine grown portly and weathered in the interim since we slid down cellar doors together. If that is the case, I shall have no trouble placing you. I remember my childhood friends and playmates as if it were yesterday. I meet them occasionally and with some of them the years have been so cruel that recognition is at first almost impossible, but after close scrutiny I gradually make out familiar features and then call the man by the nickname he used to bear back in Swampville."

At the mention of Swampville the reticent man gave an almost imperceptible start, but not so imperceptible as to escape the talkative man, who continued:

"And, speaking of Swampville, I often have wondered whatever became of Jimmy Willigan, who disappeared after the bank robbery in 1899. Jimmy was missing the morning after the affair and to this day he is credited with the blow-off. I believe I am the only man in the world who knows that Jimmy had no hand in that job. And I have spent the time since the safe-cracking episode in looking for him in order to settle the estate his uncle left—a little sum of half a million."

"I'm Jimmy Willigan," whispered the reticent man.

"And I'm the sheriff of Swing County," shot back the talkative man, flashing his conventional badge of office and the conventional bracelets which no sheriff is complete without. "Gosh, darn you, Jimmy, you don't know how you've worried me all these years." Then he hesitated.

"Come to think of it," he continued after a pause, "my life job calls for lookin' for you, but there's nothin' in the contract stipulatin', in so many words, that I must catch you this year. So you get out of this town by tomorrow morning or I'll have to end this pursuit! Vamoose!"

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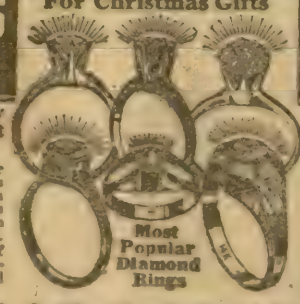

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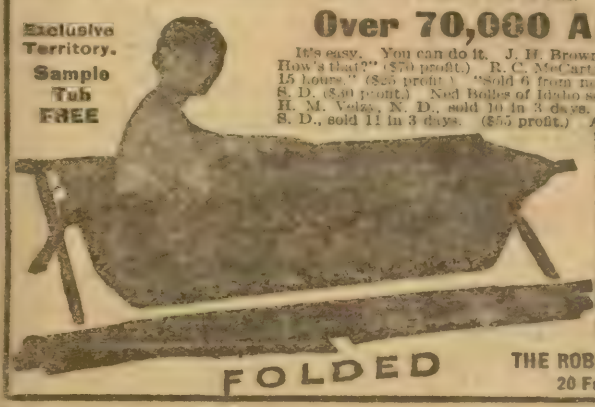

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It's easy. You can do it. J. H. Brown, N. J., says: "14 calls, 14 sales. How's that?" ($70 profit.) R. C. McCartney, Mich., says: "Sold 5 tubs in 15 hours." ($25 profit.) "Sold 6 from room to room," says J. A. Hemlad, S. D. ($40 profit.) Ned Bolles of Idaho sold 8 first afternoon. ($40 profit.) H. M. Veltz, N. D., sold 10 in 3 days. ($50 profit.) W. A. Chancellor, S. D., sold 11 in 3 days. ($55 profit.) A. R. Lee, Mont., got 11 orders in 2½ days. (Addresses furnished on request.) You can do as well as these men. You can sell 3 a day. ($90 a week clean profit.) Little capital needed. I grant credit to deserving men. Furnish you with a Demonstrating Tub, FREE on liberal plan. You can't lose. 70% of the homes have no bath room. They need the Robinson Tub. Just show tub; take the order. Quick sales and immense profits. This is YOUR chance. Don't delay. Get busy. Write today for our Special Offer.

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This Davis Phonograph $39.75

Has the Sweetest, Purest, Strongest and Clearest Tone

Yes—a machine superior in workmanship and tone quality to the ordinary $100 machine for only $39.75—a FULL SIZE genuine black walnut machine, finished natural color, oak or mahogany, and equipped with the finest quality double spring motor of the worm gear type—a machine that plays all makes of records better than you have ever heard them played before—for only $39.75. It may seem too good to be true, but when you stop to consider the enormous savings effected

By Our Direct Offer—which does away with jobber's and dealer's profits—printing and mailing of costly catalogs—bookkeeping, collection expenses, losses, etc. on installment accounts—all of which must eventually come out of the retail customer's pocket—you will realize why we can sell a better machine for $39.75 than the installment house sells for $100, and still make a fair profit for ourselves.

FREE For a limited time only, we will give five double records, $4.25 worth, FREE, with every machine, so better not delay, but order an outfit at once on

30 Days FREE TRIAL

Send only $2 with the coupon, and this superb Davis Phonograph, together with $4.25 worth of records, will be forwarded to you at once, c. o. d. $37.75. When the outfit arrives, accept it and pay the c. o. d.—entertain your family and friends for full 30 days; then, if you are not more than pleased, return the outfit at our expense, c. o. d. $39.75, and the transportation company will get all your money back for you. This simple and direct method of doing business **SAVES YOU $60.25** in addition to the cost of the free records, so better grasp this opportunity at once.

TRIANGLEPHONE CO., Dept. T1, May & 61st Sts., Chicago

Ship me, exactly as per your offer, one Davis Phonograph, Genuine Black Walnut, Natural Color ( ) Mahogany ( ) Oak ( ), also five double records (10 selections). I enclose herewith $2 deposit, and will pay balance $37.75 on delivery. I reserve the right to return outfit, c. o. d. $39.75 plus transportation charges, within 30 days after receipt, if I do not wish to keep same.

Name.....

Address..... Shipping Point.....

80 Pounds — 188 Pounds — Latest Photo

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It was when physicians said it was impossible for J. M. Miller, Ohio Druggist, to survive the ravages of Tuberculosis, he began experimenting on himself, and discovered the Home Treatment, known as ADDILINE. Anyone with coughs or influenza showing tubercular tendency or Tuberculosis, may use it under plain directions. Send your name and address to

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These great papers are known all over. People in every town want some one to buy the Blade and Ledger from each week and boys everywhere watch each month for Lone Scout. We send the Blade and Ledger in one bundle each week so they come on Friday. The Lone Scout comes just before the first of the month. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman or boy. Easy to sell and to build up a route of steady customers. Only one report for you to make out each week. You make 2 cents on each Blade, 2 cents on each Ledger, and 4 cents on each Lone Scout you sell. You can't lose. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. In addition we give you valuable premiums for every paper you sell. If you want to join the Lone Scouts of America, the great Organization for boys that is free of dues, and if you are accepted, we pay for you the expense of joining. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agents' outfit. We tell you how to get customers.

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL. **Send This Coupon Today**

I accept the agency for your 3 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. If I qualify, it is understood you will pay my expense of joining the Lone Scouts of America if I want to join.

Also tell me about the free premiums.

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Street or R. F. D. No. .....

Age... Town ..... State ..... C. L.

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Now Only $89.50

Easy Payments—Money Back Offer

The lullaby's soft, sweet tune—the thrill, the life, the soul-stirring crash of the military band—the dear old songs and hymns of olden days—the best of the operas—the big hits of the music shows—the snappiest and peppiest jazzes and dances. This is the kind of music you should have in your home—music to suit your every mood and every occasion. And to play this music you should have "The Vitanola." For "The Vitanola" is made to play, not one make of record best, but all disc records—Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathé, etc., with equal perfection.

So that you can be certain you will prefer "The Vitanola," so that you will know beyond all doubt its Outstanding Perfection as a Musical Instrument of the Highest Quality—so that you can be satisfied with the Superiority of its Cabinet Work and the Beauty of its Design,

A Vitanola on 30 Days' Trial

I will send this "Vitanola" for you to play and examine 30 Days in your own home at my risk.

Send the Coupon today. "The Vitanola" will be sent you immediately. (Safe delivery guaranteed.) Compare it in every way with other high class phonographs. Compare especially the sweetness, clearness, and beauty of its tone. If you find that in this respect it is not as satisfactory as instruments costing a great deal more; if you do not find in "The Vitanola" everything you have hoped for in a phonograph you may return the instrument at our expense. Your first payment and all freight charges will be refunded to you without quibble, question, delay or formality. The trial will not cost you a penny.

An Ideal Christmas Present

Order No. K40
Terms, $5.00 with order; $6.00 Monthly;
Total Price $89.50.
Be Very Certain to State Your Choice:
Genuine Mahogany or Golden
Quartered Oak.

A Big Cut-Price Sale

I am conducting this sale to again prove that "Spear Sells for Less Always." *I guarantee that you will get the genuine Nationally Advertised Vitanola that is right now selling elsewhere for $115 and $125 and which I had to sell for $100 until the chance came to me to make this slashing price cut.* But you must be Prompt. My stock is low. In filling orders it will be "first come, first served."

Only $5 with Order

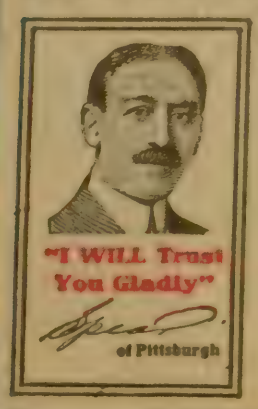
The small payment of $5 brings this "Vitanola" right into your home ready to play. Try it every day and every night for a whole month. Let your family and your friends pass judgment upon it from every point of view—quality, price, terms, everything. While you have it, go out "shopping." Compare my prices and terms with those of your home-town stores. Then, if your satisfaction is complete, send us only $6.00 monthly; total price, only $89.50.

Only $6 Monthly

A Perfect Instrument

The Vitanola reproduces all kinds of music with a clear, sweet, beautiful tone from all kinds of disc records. You have your choice of either the *Genuine Lustrous Mahogany* or the beautiful hand polished *Golden Quartered Oak.* The size and design of both styles are the same. The instrument is 43½ inches high, 20½ deep, 18¼ wide. It has a hand-modulator by which you can play loudly or softly without changing the needle. Has twelve inch turntable and speed regulator. The tone-chamber of resonant woods and the silk screen at its mouth guarantee the sweet natural tone. The Vitanola has many features—double-doors, 5-shelf record compartment, piano-hinged automatic drop-lid, improved reproducer, noiseless motor, universal tone-arm, etc., usually found only in higher priced phonographs. The cabinet work and details of finish are beautiful in every respect and the quality of all parts supreme. *Order No. K40. Terms $5.00 with order, $6.00 monthly. Total price only $89.50. Be careful to state your choice of Mahogany or Golden Oak.*

FREE During this sale I will give Free with every Vitanola 5 ten inch Double-Face Columbia Records carefully selected from the best numbers, and 3 ten inch and 1 twelve inch Record Albums.



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Dept. C-8, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Thousands of people buy all their furniture and furnishings from me. They know that *"Spear Sells for Less—Always"* they know that I am the first to cut prices and the last to increase them, when this must be done. No matter where you live it is always "Best to Deal with Spear". Everything I sell is sent on 30 Days' Trial and use. My Money-Back Bond Protects You to the Utmost.

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Write for my Big Free Book Today. Read all about my Fair Square Way of doing business. See the pictures and read the description of my Thousands of Beautiful Bargains. But remember this: You do not buy from pictures when you deal with Spear. A sale is not a sale until you have the goods in your home 30 days and your satisfaction is complete.

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Send me at once Vitanola with 5 ten inch double-face records and 4 Record Albums as described above. Enclosed is $5.00 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of the 30 days' trial I decide to keep it, I will send you $6.00 monthly. Order No. K40. Total Price $89.50.

If you want Mahogany put an X in this ☐
If you want Golden Quartered Oak put an X in this ☐
Send me your Big Free Catalog also.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

If you want the Free Catalog Only, send No Money, just put an X in this square ☐ and write your name and address on above lines.

When Bluebelle Said Yes

"I THINK that young Carroway is serious about Bluebelle," announced that young lady's mother in some excitement when she had got her husband alone.

"I think he wants to marry her! He was talking today about the high cost of living and how an energetic young man could overcome all difficulties."

"I think I can scare up carfare to send Bluebelle to Australia or Patagonia or some secluded resort," offered Bluebelle's father hopefully. "I would sacrifice much to save my child."

"Why, Edgar! I don't think you understand," exclaimed his wife patiently. "I said that——"

"I can hear a mile," reproved her husband. "I love my child, but to my certain knowledge she can't even boil water without burning it and while Ethelbert Carroway is a fine judge of double chocolate sodas and $5 neckties I wouldn't bet on him in a stock crisis.

"What if a water pipe burst and no plumber within a mile? Would Ethelbert leap into the breach, so to speak, and strangle the pipe neatly while Bluebelle hunted up the adhesive tape and chewing gum? No, you know he wouldn't. He might spatter his trousers and, anyhow, he wouldn't know what to do. Neither would Bluebelle. They'd just sit there and drown and ruin all the plastering and rugs in the flat below.

"And if Bluebelle was tackling a steak and it caught fire in the broiler there'd be another Chicago conflagration without a doubt because instead of doing the logical thing she'd wait for some one to burst in with a helmet on his head and an ax in his hand to rescue the dollar-ten piece of meat. It would be a positive crime to let those two infantile idiots roam away from their protecting firesides before they have any sense——"

"Nobody has sense when he gets married," announced Bluebelle's mother. "Sense is something one achieves in self-defense—nobody tries to get it; it is thrust upon him like a life preserver. And you never get it till you're too old to have a real good time, so my theory is——"

"I know all about your theory," said her husband. "Your theory is that Bluebelle would make a perfectly beautiful bride and knock the spots off the Biffany girl's wedding and it would tickle you to death to make Mrs. Biffany raging jealous and mad. You would like to read that 'the bride's mother wore a stunning creation of gray embroidered chiffon and silver with pearls, and that after a wedding trip that would cost several thousand dollars the young couple will be at home on Gold Coast lane or something like that.

"ALL women are crazy when it comes to the excitement of having wedding presents arrive and the swish of tissue paper wrappings is music to their ears. You want to tell all the women you know that we simply won't know how to live with Bluebelle gone and what a lovely disposition the child has, having never caused you a moment's worry or trouble and always so sweet about doing as she was told—not many young men get such a treasure as your child.

"Yet for these pleasures you are willing to turn loose upon a suffering world of landlords, butchers and grocers these two young, green, helpless, thoughtless creatures to spread disaster to every one, themselves included. Why, when I think of young Carroway trying to browbeat a janitor I could break out into loud laughter even in the midst of my present anguish! No! Bluebelle is too young—Carroway is too young—and, anyhow, what does he earn?"

"I wish you wouldn't be so material," his wife reproached him. "You have no heart for love's young dream—and you and I were married when we were younger than they are."

"It's impossible!" stormed Bluebelle's other parent. "Anyhow, we were exceptional young people who read good books and improved our minds, instead of spending our time at movies and soda fountains. Those two could repeat the list of thirty sundaes on the soda menu when they couldn't tell you the price of butter and eggs, and you know it. I never heard anything so ridiculous—that child getting married! And to a mere boy! I won't have it! We'll send her away before he cinches the affair."

"Well," confessed his wife, "he's asked her already. And she's said yes and it's all right and you've got to stand it."

"You don't say!" gasped Bluebelle's father. "Why, the little daredevils! Well, I knew we had to lose her some time, but I kind of hoped I could put off the evil day. Maybe young Carroway isn't so bad after all."

Birthdays and Betty

"GOING to give Betty a birthday party?" asked young Mrs. Jenkins, who had come over for a day with Betty's mother.

"Yes," Betty's mother replied. "I'm going to give her a party, but no one shall be allowed to bring a gift. I don't believe in it."

"Don't believe in birthday presents?"

"Indeed I do not!" went on Betty's mother. "I wonder who started this business of giving things to children on the anniversary of their birth. It ought to be the other way 'round. Children should be taught to give to others on that day. Haven't other people cared for them and waited on them and instructed them and borne patiently with their frailties?

"Then why shouldn't they show appreciation? Why shouldn't they hustle off a nice gift to the neighbor who a few years back uncomplainingly listened to that 3 a. m. vocal program they used to pull off? Why shouldn't their pennies go to buy something for faithful father?"

"It seems logical, but——"

"But nothing," persevered Betty's mother. "Children get an inflated sense of their own importance. Of course, they are the most important things in the world, but they know it too well. They must be made to feel that we are tremendously kind to give them so much attention. Then when they are grown and come into contact with the public they won't be expecting too much. They will appreciate favors instead of feeling peeved and hurt when people fail to go out of their way to do things for them."

"I believe you're right," agreed Mrs. Jenkins.

"Of course, I'm right," concluded Betty's mother. "When folks send me birthday presents now I think: 'Goodness sakes alive, they know how old I am, so there's no use cold-creaming my face and marceling my hair.'"

"It's the truth," blurted out Mrs. Jenkins. "I often think when I leave Virginia home and fix myself up real cute that no one would guess I was over 22. I trip downtown and feel so chipper along Michigan avenue till I run into some old-time friend. Just the other day that happened. Here I was tripping along blithely, forgetting all but the sunshine and the invigorating air, when I bumped right into an old neighbor. 'Well, Elvina Jenkins,' she says, "do you know I didn't mean to forget your birthday. Gee, but you look young for your age'."

"That's it!" approved Betty's mother. "Immediately you felt your full age and probably looked it and had a miserable day downtown. No, siree; my little Betty shall be spared the torture of good people's accurate memories. No birthday present for her."

Godfrey Dibbs' Millions.

"I SAW a wonderful picture last night at the Gladiola Theater," remarked Whittles. "The plot goes like this——"

"Stop! Not another word!" pleaded Doran. "My wife was there last night and told me the whole story at the breakfast table. It's terrible, if you ask me. Why, it's no wonder people are becoming demoralized. They can't help it. That picture can do more harm to a pliable mind than a crack with a hickory club."

"Don't insult my intelligence," snapped Whittles, aggrieved. "I have been going to picture shows for eighteen years and I know a film when I see one. In fact, I ought to be on the board of censors."

"Man, you have yourself picked for the wrong calling. Let me tell you something. I am the kind who should be censoring films. I'd make a wonder.

"My notion of a proper film for the public view would be one that not only pleased the eye, but would be good for the health. That show last night almost wrecked my wife's curves and she told me this morning that if anything like what happened to Godfrey Dibbs, the gink in the picture, happened to me she would never live thru the ordeal.

"What kind of a life was that to live? Godfrey Dibbs should have been indicted after the first reel and the other four should have shown him serving his sentence at hard labor. But he was allowed to go the entire series keeping his poor audience at the verge of heartbreak and nervous prostration trying to amass the fortune he made. Seventy-nine million! Imagine letting the public see a man make so much in five reels!

"If I were that old guy out of whom Dibbs got the oil lands and later sold them for $22,000,000 without kicking back a few thousand, I'd clean Dibbs up if it were the last thing I did. My wife says her sympathies were with the poor old man, but she thought perhaps Dibbs had some good reason for looting the concern of its assets and leaving more than nine hundred poor widows, who held stock, penniless on the cruel, cold world. Can you imagine the frame of mind that picture put my wife in when she thought that the arch swindler might have been right in gypping the meek and humble?

"He acquired ill-gotten millions, bowled over successful rivals and drove them back to the shovel-and-pick class, all in order to wed a girl he had met in the first reel and hadn't known before in his life. And my wife comes home and tells me she's for him—that, personally, she thinks he's lovely."

"That isn't what I'm driving at," protested Whittles. "What I liked about the picture was the sweed with which Dibbs got his money and the new and clever ways he had of getting it. I think many of them could be used in our line of business, yours and mine."

"You don't say!" said Doran very quietly. "I—I think I'll sneak around tonight and get a slant at that play. I might learn some new tricks."

The Titian of Tzintzuntzan.

(Continued From Page 8.)

Van Law swung himself up to the top of the wall with the same ease that had brought him there from the other side. Pausing on the top he turned to say:

"Yes, I'll come again tomorrow. I'll whistle outside; you answer if I am to come in."

He jumped down on the other side as the harsh voice of Senor Cordova bellowed from within the house:

"Guadalupe, Carmelita! Where the devil is everybody?"

Fortunately this particular street of Ensenada was in the chronic deserted condition of all its other streets. Captain Van Law found no one to mark his passage as he dropped down to it and make his way from the Cordova house.

Aha! The doughty Captain has found the charming Carmelita an interesting personage, especially so her disclosures about the sales and resales of the Titian masterpiece. Here is more mystery, and two Spanish beauties to dream over. We fear there is trouble in store for the Captain, of far different nature than any he has yet anticipated.

SEND NO MONEY

Weather sharps prophesy a hard winter. Be prepared by ordering a pair of these hi-cut **Storm Huskies.** Rugged and sturdy—wear like iron. **If you don't think them well worth $10 to $15 Just Send Them Back.** Splendid wearproof Leather Uppers. Double oak leather soles and heels for double service. Specially treated to exclude acids in milk, manure and gasoline. Tan or black. All sizes. Smoothly finished inside and comfortable as an old shoe. **Send no money.** Pay only $6.80 on arrival. Simply mail us the coupon below and see them for yourself.

MEDIUM HIGH CUT STORM HUSKIES **$6.80**
EXTRA HIGH CUT STORM HUSKIES **$9.85**

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ONLY $6.80 AND $9.85 on arrival

Save Profits. Buy Direct from Factory Headquarters.

BOSTON MAIL ORDER HOUSE, Dept. HX405, Boston, Mass.
Please send Hi-cut Storm Huskies ON APPROVAL. My money back promptly if I want it. I risk nothing.
[ ] About 12 inches, genuine STORM HUSKIES $6.80
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Name .....Size.....
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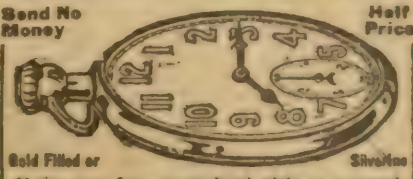
21 JEWEL THIN MODEL WATCH $9.75

Send No Money — Half Price



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16 size, open face, screw bezel, plain or engraved case. Guaranteed for 5 years. **Send no money.** This elegant Watch sent parcel post on receipt of name and address. Pay postman $9.75. Money refunded if unsatisfactory after five days trial.

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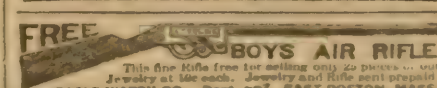
FREE  **BOYS AIR RIFLE**

This fine Rifle free for selling only 20 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each. Jewelry and Rifle sent prepaid

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 407, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

$1.00 Down, *brings you this set of* **2 Flannel Shirts**

Every Shirt Set includes:
1 Oxford Gray Flannel Shirt
1 Dark Green Flannel Shirt

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Write for our Free Bargain Catalog of men's, women's and children's clothing and shoes. Everything on small monthly payments.

SEND only $1.00 and we will ship you these two splendid flannel shirts. At the price of flannel now this is the most remarkable shirt bargain in years. *Two* heavy, durable flannel shirts at little more than you would have to pay cash for one. If you are not delighted when you see the shirts, send them back and your dollar will be returned immediately. The supply is limited. Don't delay. Send the coupon NOW!

Wool Flannel Heavy as a Coat

This thick firm wool flannel is woven heavy as a coat. You can't realize the protection and wear in these shirts until you feel them. Handsome, finely made, cut coat style, extra full and long. Patent "two-way" collar with storm tab you can button high under your chin. Two big pockets to button. All seams double stitched and welted. Ivory buttons to match in color. These shirts are a wonderful super-quality bargain. **Don't buy a shirt until you see these.**

Shirts shipped only two of one size in a box. One is handsome Oxford Gray—the other rich, serviceable dark green. Sizes 14 to 18.

Order by No. F-23. Terms $1.00 with coupon, $2.00 monthly. Price $12.98.

6 Months to Pay

Think of it, eight cents a day—four postage stamps—buys these shirts. We open this charge account for you gladly. We don't charge a penny for the credit—there is no discount for cash. We trust honest people everywhere. Send for these shirts and see how easy our credit plan makes it for you to pay. All business men use their credit. Your credit is good with us. So don't miss this opportunity. Send for this shirt bargain now.

Order Now

People all over the country will be rushing their orders for these shirts. Our old customers who know what dependable goods and big values we give will hurry their orders to us. Don't be too late to get your shirts. Send the coupon today with a $1.00 P. O. order or a dollar bill. Remember, the supply is limited. Don't miss this big bargain. ACT NOW.

Elmer Richards Co.
Dept. 3599 . W. 35th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Elmer Richards Co.,
Dept. 3339 , West 35th St., Chicago

I enclose $1.00. Send the Special Heavy Wool Flannel Shirt Set No. F-23 of 2 shirts. Size.....
If I am not satisfied when I receive the shirts I can return them and get my payment back with charges. Otherwise I will pay the advertised terms, $1.00 with coupon, $2.00 monthly. Total price $12.98.

Name.....
Address.....
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Your Eyes **Granulated Eyelids,** Eyes inflamed by exposure to **Sun, Dust** and **Wind** quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy.** No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For **Book of the Eye** free write **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.** 5-13

A WONDERFUL night in June, away down in the Black-belt of Georgia. On a rude veranda, behind a mass of honeysuckle vines, in a wire and barrel-stave hammock, they sat.

He, a small, timid, ash-colored negro—she, a six-foot, two hundred and fifty-pound Amazon. He was gasping for breath under the fierce pressure of her amorous arms; she was gloating over the apparent helplessness of the object of her affections. She had never met E'fum. He said, "she had overtook him." Since then she had herded him about much as a mare does her young colt, edging in between him and all undesirable associations.

Thence on, E'fum found extended conversations only to be had with one person, Lindy Lu; only one partner in the dance, Lindy Lu; one available girl in the homegoings, Lindy Lu. Wherever he turned her great, black shadow seemed to hover between him and more attractive companions. During those seven days of her tempestuous and aggressive courtship he was often minded to rebel, as he felt his liberties slipping from him one by one. But Lindy Lu's offensive was complete. It compelled by pain, embarrassment and even violence. Edging in and about, she herded E'fum to herself. No less than a dozen times she had dragged him away from pumpkin-colored Mandy Jones: the last time with a violence that swept him out the back door into the dark. There Lindy Lu administered such chastisement as completely broke his spirit. Henceforth he was as a lamb led to the slaughter. Job's meekness was not to be compared with that of E'fum, for, if Lindy Lu had commanded E'fum to curse God and die, he likely would have been much in the mood to obey. Once, despite her open diplomacy, he had found a place beside Mahitabel Jones at a church supper. For a time he had considered himself safe in his daring, but a violent kick on the shins under the table painfully reminded him that he was still within reach of Lindy Lu's offensive.

This glorious night she had rounded him up at the Johnson party.

Just as the young folks were beginning to dance, Lindy Lu adroitly drew E'fum from the house and forcibly escorted him to her porch and hammock. With such a moon and such a night, Lindy Lu's mature and lusty affections were not to be denied.

Pressing the shrinking E'fum down on the barrel-stave slats of the hammock, she seated herself beside him. Her great arms encircled the slender waist of her trembling swain.

"E'fum, does yuh lub yo' lady?"

Now all will agree that this age-old question should be asked with tender and gentle intonation. But Lindy Lu had a way all her own. She ran no risks. She was the efficient super-woman, hazarding no negative. Violently she gathered E'fum to her breast. Abruptly she thrust him at arm's length and searched his eyes fiercely for any negative sentiment. He would have been a brave man indeed to have answered this heart-hungry giantess with other than an affirmative. Howbeit, "yes" was so repugnant to E'fum that it came tardily and reluctantly, so much so that he narrowly escaped a broken rib as she sensed his hesitancy.

"Yes-um," it came with a gasp.

"Does yuh lub no udder lady but me?" Still more fiercely she searched the bulging eyes of E'fum for intimations of a rival.

"No-um," plaintively answered the hard-pressed little man.

"Does yuh swar dat yo'll lub no udder lady foreber and nebber?" With savage hunger she sought to pierce the innermost mind of E'fum.

"Yes-um."

"Does yuh 'specs ter marry me, E'fum?" urged the insistent suitor.

E'fum gasped and writhed as he felt life's liberties slipping like unstrung pearls into the yawning sea of Lindy Lu's affection. But there was really only one answer a little, cowed man could make to 250 pounds of confident bone, blubber and brawn. It seemed a choice between slavery or suffocation. For an instant the latter seemed preferable. But life, even the mere life of a slave, seemed sweet and more endurable. Death blocked all remedy; slavery, in the long run of years, might afford some chance of freedom. He made his decision much as a convicted criminal decides which he will take at the hands of the judge—death sentence or life imprisonment.

"Yes-um," answered E'fum as the door of his prison clanked shut behind him.

"Does yuh 'specs to marry me de Lawd's Day mawnin' at de meetin' house arter de preachin'?" So soon. Oh tragic night. Just across the road came the shouts of the youngsters dancing on the Johnson cabin floor. Only a step to ycuth and freedom and he was going behind the bars for life. His creaking ribs, already strained and bruised, reminded him that immediate answer was expected.

"Yes-um."

"Does yuh 'specs to lib yo' married wid me and Ma, E'fum?"

Alas, what dregs of misery—two of them—a 250-pound wife and a 300-pound mother-in-law. But his ribs were again being contracted to the breaking point. He must answer while yet there was breath in his nostrils.

"Yes-um," it came weakly.

Then the final question.

"E'fum, does yuh hand over to me yer wallet to buy de trooso wid?" But since she held all his means of defense tightly in her embrace, she waited not on the order of his answer. She lifted the wallet from his rear pocket, gingerly and somewhat squamishly extracting the razor that lay by its side. Carefully she laid the treasure and its guardian on the rail beneath the honeysuckle vine.

HAVING gained complete victory, Lindy Lu felt she could afford to unbend and be generous and gentle toward E'fum. Taking his lean face between her great, fat hands, she kissed him boisterously upon the mouth, both cheeks and his shallow brow; one loving kiss on each eye and one last one on the end of his nose, completed the osculatory circuit of his physiognomy.

"Huddy Lub (speech, thick with emotion) liddle sprug-o-jasomine, lile ole brack har-pin, der ain't no udder man fur me, nowhar. Doan yoh member, E'fum, I nebber sot eyes on yer ontwil a week ago tomorrer mawnin at de church house doah. De minut whut Ah seed yuh, I says, seze I, 'Lindy Lo yo am shoah done foah dis time. Yo' am stabbed spang in de hart. Dis am yo' fust an onliest and ebberest lub. Dis am yo' promis-lan. Dis am yoah Jericho, put yo' awms 'roun about and squoze in de walls!

"An' E'fum (this a little fiercely), doan' yuh fergit who I iz. I am dat same sed Lindy Lu, de bigges' an' stronges' colored single lady in Pike County, grown in statur, increasing' in strength an' gittin' mightier all de time, an' fer whut? Dat I mighten be able ter git an' keep de man ob mah hart when he done comed my way. Yer has come, E'fum, Glory—I'ze got yer—I'ze gwine ter keep yer furever—halleuyer."

This and more, until E'fum, dazed, crushed, exhausted and beslobbered, staggered out thru Lindy Lu's gate.

For hours into the next day, E'fum pondered his plight. Whichever way his thoughts turned they ran against the end of a blind alley. There was no way of escape from bondage. Drearily the years of servitude unrolled before his tortured imagination. He was seized with a wild desire to run away; so far away that even Lindy Lu's strong arm could not reach him and bring him back. He would run away. But alas, he had no money. Lindy Lu had taken his wallet with all his earthly store. She had laid it up on the veranda rail beneath the honeysuckle vines. Could it be that perchance she had gone to bed and left his treasure there? A drowning man's straw. He quickly dressed and stole out of the house and over to the cabin of Lindy Lu.

He slipped around from the rear to the corner of the veranda. Cautiously he reached up to the place where Lindy Lu had placed his wallet and razor. Glory, they were still there. Laying eager hands upon them, he was about to steal away when voices thru the window arrested his attention. Lindy Lu's mother was speaking:

"Lindy Lu, doan yuh fergit yo' pa was a little, lean nigger like E'fum. Ah stampeded him one day, jes lak you did E'fum, an' brung him home. He was lak a lam' in de slaughter pen. Fur ten yeahs Ah ruled him wid a rod uve ir'n. But one day some low-down niggah puts him up to de rulin' of his own house. He cum home dat day like a fightin' cock. He grab a stick er stove wood at de doah. De firs' lunge he hits me on de crazy bones ontwill I couldn't wuk ma awms. He pounded me on de laigs ontwill Ah was parlized. He kick me and he slap me an' putty nigh killed me. Den he say, mighty chesty like: 'Lizey Ann, Ah gwine ter kill yer right now ef you doan promis' to nebber hector er pester me again; an' do no moah henpeckin' as long as yer lib, so help yer Geehosafat. Yuh done swar to de preachah an afore de Lawd and me dat you'd lub an' obey me ferever; amd yo' done lied lak a debbil ontwill now; but yer got ter keep dat promis' ef yuh want ter lib. I hain't had no peace wid yer fer ten yeahs. Yuh done wallup me aroun' lak Ah was some low-down white trash. Ah sarves notice on yer dat I'ze gwine ter rule dis heah house ef Ah have ter kill yer a-doin' it. I gwine ter take down dat old hickory cane whut b'longed ter yer grandad, en I'se gwine ter carry dat cane wid me day an' night eatin' an' sleepin' er whut not. Ah'll lam yuh wid dat cane hard 'nuff ter make de mark ob Cain on yer ef yuh doun' mine me. Henceforth and ferebber more I'ze de head of dis house—Halleluyer, Amen.' An' hit war jes so from dat minute ontwill he war killed at de sawmill'.

"Lindy Lu, Ah's afeered ob dem lil' lanky niggahs. Dey hez dynamite in 'em. Dey's full ob little debbils whut yo' can't

PHYSICIAN CONDEMNS USE OF STIMULANTS and SECRET REMEDIES

Advises Weak Rundown Folks to Eat Spinach, Carrots and Other Iron-Containing Vegetables With Organic Iron to Enrich Their Blood and Build New Strength and Vigor

Says Most High-Strung Over-Worked Nervous People Suffer from Iron Starvation

When consulted recently in regard to the extraordinary increase of nervousness and weakness among people who ought to be in sound physical condition, Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.) and the Westchester County Hospital, New York said:—"Our people live and work at a pace which not only wears down the strength of men and wrecks the beauty of women, but also exhausts the finer strength of their nerves and leaves them physically bankrupt.

"Physicians are therefore surrounded by patients who complain of nervousness, weakness and lack of vigor and who demand something that shall instantly make them well and strong again. It is no easy task for a busy doctor to show these people that the real cause of most of their distressing symptoms is simply the starvation of their blood for lack of iron, and that what they need is not some stimulating drug or secret remedy, which may make them feel better for the moment at the loss of their health later on, but what they actually need is plain organic iron, of the kind that is found in certain fruits and vegetables. Iron is red blood food, and without plenty of iron in your blood, no matter how much or what you may eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you the proper amount of good. You don't get the full strength out of it and as a natural consequence you become weak, pale, nervous and despondent. One easy way in which to enrich your blood with strength-grving iron and build up new vigor and endurance within your body is to eat large quantities of spinach, lentils, carrots, and apples. You should eat at least from one to two pints of spinach, half a pint of lentils, half a quart of carrots, or four backed apples each day. If it is inconvenient for you to do this, you can take organic iron in a highly concentrated form like Nuxated Iron; or you can eat a moderate quantity of vegetables and take organic iron with it. Most people find this to be the easier and more convenient way, but be sure that the iron you take is organic iron and not one of the old forms of tincture of iron, iron acetate, etc., which are often made by applying acid to nails or scrap iron and which blacken the teeth, upset the stomach and may do you more harm than good. That is an entirely different kind of iron from organic iron, which is what might be called fruit-iron or plant-iron, of the kind that is found in such iron-containing foods as lentils, spinach, carrots and apples. Therefore, if you have taken ordinary metallic iron tonics without obtaining results, this is not proof that organic iron will not help you, and if you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength, power and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances."

A Typical Case of Iron Starvation

The impoverishing weakness brought on by iron starvation is robbing thousands of such women—yes, and men, too—of the joys and pleasures of their best years and making them old before their time. In the accompanying article Dr. James Francis Sullivan explains how weak, anaemic, run-down folks can build up new strength and vigor within their bodies by eating iron-containing vegetables and organic iron.

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron, which is recommended by Dr. Sullivan and other physicians is now being used by over four million people annually, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. It is put up in tablet form and you can swallow the tablets or eat them like candy. Each tablet of genuine Nuxated Iron is stamped as follows and the words Nuxated Iron are stamped into each bottle, so that the public may not be led into accepting inferior substitutes. It is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every perchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists in tablet form only.

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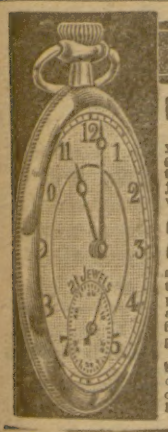

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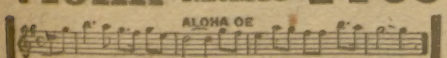

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see. Some day, Lindy Lu, dat lil E'fum Brown will riz up an swat de daylights outer yuh, an' from den on yer won't hab no peace ferever."

"May de good Lawd hab mercy," ejaculated Lindy Lu. "Ef E'fum evah did dat, Ah'd die right dar in ma shoes. Ma, yuh done clar put de scare inter me. I hain't got no moah fight ner a rabbit. I'ze most afeered to see dat lil imp E'fum fer fear he done change his skin. When we gits married, Ah'll hab ter lick der stuffin' outer him ev'ry day ontwill I gits him bruk. Ah doan calc'late ter give E'fum no runnin' start. He ainter goin' ter git no chance to git chesty. Ah'll squinch him reg'lar."

BUT alas for Lindy Lu, E'fum, enlightened and wised up, had his cue. He wrenched up a vine pole from the soft dirt beside the porch and stormed up the steps. Loudly he pounded on the door. Cautiously Lindy Lu opened it only to fall back with a shriek of terror, as she saw the lowering E'fum standing there with a stick in his hand. It was almost like the ghost of her father.

"Lawd-a-mercy, E'fum, whut you' want heah dis time ob day?"

"Ah wants you, Lindy Lu," cried E'fum as he violently thrust the door open and stalked into the middle of the room.

"Whar't dat pocketbook an' razor ob mine an' dat fifty dollars whut war inside? Cough up dat lil ole pile a dough right heah and now, Lindy Lu, er Ah'll beat yer ole fat back ontwill der hain't a bone unbruk."

"E'fum, 'foah God Ah hain' got yer pocketbook. Ah done fergit ter take it away from whar Ah laid it last night on de poach," declared Lindy Lu.

"Go an' git it den foah Ah squinch yuh."

Lindy Lu ran quickly to comply, but returned aghast. "Hit ain't dar, E'fum. Somebuddy stole it."

"Doan make no diff'unce, Lindy Lu. Ah gotta have my own money er yourn. Lindy Lu, you go an' git dat stockin' whut yer keeps yer money in an' de one whut yer ma keeps her'n in, and brung 'em right heah ter me er Ah'll bust yer back." It was a wild guess, but it was a true one.

Frightened to the limit, Lindy Lu hastened into the adjoining bedroom and soon brought forth two stockings, fairly well filled with coin, the savings of a lifetime. Tremblingly, she laid them at the feet of the bold brigand, E'fum.

E'fum gave little heed to the treasure. To him, obedienec was better than sacrifice. With mighty assurance he continued the process of humbling these two domineering women.

"Now, Ah tells you two niggahs, Ah's gwine ter make a cleanin' up ob dis heah man-killin' fambly. Ah done heah how Pa Smith war hen-pecked 'roun dis place fer yeahs; an' Ah clar ter yuh now dat yer hain't goin' ter git lile ole E'fum inter no sich scan'lus perdicament.

"You, Lindy Lu—git down on yer knees er Ah'll poun' yer ole fat hed inter de floah. Yo' hain't prayed nuff about dis heah marrying me, yit. Yuh needs ter ax de pawdon ob de Lawd an' me fer 'saultin' me de udder night an' bustin' my ribs an' makin' me promis' to marry yuh and robbin' me ob my money an' razor. Does yer 'pent an' ax our fergiveness?"

"Good Lawd, E'fum, I axes yoah-all's pawdon an' mercy—deed 'Ah do," wailed the trembling Lindy Lu.

"An' does yer give me back de promis' ter marry yuh Sunday mawning arter de preachin?" thundered E'fum.

"Oh, Lawdy, yes; Ah gives yuh clar up, E'fum. Dem yaller gals kin have yuh. Mandy Jones kin hab youh. Ah ain't axin' nothin'," sobbed the contrite Lindy Lu, as she crouched back in the corner. Stormy sobs shook her great frame. Sizable tears washed the floor at her feet.

"Oh, E'fum," she cried passionately, "arter all, Ah lubs yuh. Yu'ze one gran' man. Yu'ze de bigges' lil man in de whole wide world. Ah jes' cain't help lubbin' yuh, even ef yuh won't be my man. I axes yer ter fergive yer poor furlorn Lindy Lu and nebber ter fergit dat she ain't ebber goin' ter fergit dat she ain't ebber goin' ter leave off de lubbin' uve yer as long as she lives."

Then it was that the great heart of the valiant woman-tamer, E'fum, burst asunder with a new and boundless affection. Yet, lest the flood flow forth too suddenly and copiously for the best diplomacy, E'fum wisely restrained himself and said with masterly sternness:

"Lindy Lu, since yuh gwine ter behave yerself, Ah commands yuh to git up and put on yoah poky-dot an' be ready to marry me in an hour. Yuh kin kiss me once jes fer de sealin' up ob it, an' den Ah goes foah de preachah. But doan yuh fergit when yo' promises ter lub an' obey me dat yu'ze gwiner ter have ter do jes' dat fer de res' ob yer life."

"Yes-um," meekly responded Lindy Lu.

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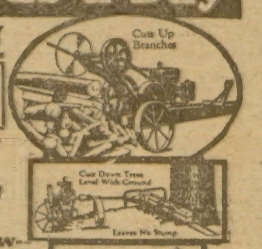

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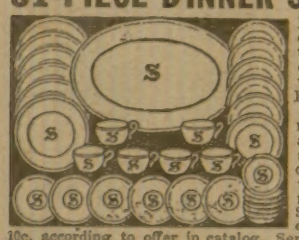

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I Will Send You a $2.00 Treatment of Krano-Zema ON TRIAL if you have Pimples, Eczema, Skin Rash Any Skin Trouble

This marvellous remedy has cured thousands who accepted my offer. Write me today for treatment. If results are satisfactory costs you $2.00. If not, costs nothing. C. A. MILLS, Dept. B, Girard, Kans.

MEDICAL: We Sell

General Tonic Tablets -	$3.00 per 100
Constipation Tablets - -	$1.00 per 50
Pile Ointment - - - -	$1.50 per tube
Catarrh Balm - - - -	.50 per tube
Kidney and Bladder Tablets	$3.00 per 100

All orders filled immediately. Write for free information.
Medical Specialty Co., 105 E. 26th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

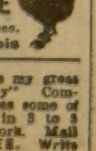
POWERFUL FLASH LIGHT

With a perfect extra long lived battery, is given for selling 20 of our beautiful art pictures at 10 cents each. We also give dandy Wrist Watches and other Valuable Prizes. Order 20 pictures. When sold, send us the $2.00 and select premium wanted according to big list sent with the pictures.
RAY ART COMPANY, Dept. 47, CHICAGO, ILL.

WE WANT RELIABLE PEOPLE to raise furbearing rabbits for us in their back yards, spare time. We furnish stock and pay $3.50 to $7.50 each for all you raise. Sunset Fur Co., 607 Lankershim building, Los Angeles, Calif.

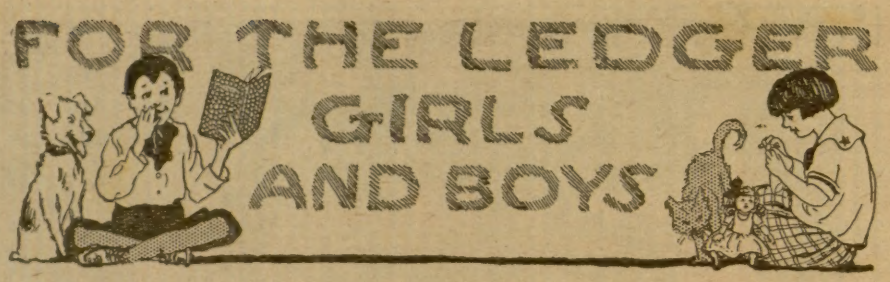
FOR SALE —Jewelry — Bankrupt Stock. Collar buttons six for 25c; cuff buttons pair 50c; scarf pins 35c; chains and fobs $1.00; beauty pins 25c set; enameled or stone set brooches 50c; hat pins 15c; coin, no stamps. Money back if not satisfactory.
WEIDNER, Box 508, Iowa City, Iowa

POULTRY Miller's American GUIDE —tells all about raising chickens, care, feeding, etc. Contains beautiful colored pictures of best paying varieties and best layers, sent absolutely FREE



Eggs and Poultry for hatching at special low prices.
J. W. MILLER CO., Box 423, Rockford, Illinois

LADIES! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $2.00; Double Strength $3.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today. DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Kansas City, Mo.



The Button Men

"OH, DEAR!" said Phil with a great sigh, "it's such a trouble to dress! Buttons and buttons and more buttons! I wish just for one day I'd have clothes without a sign of a button on them—that's what I wish."

"You're not the first man who has wished that," laughed Phil's father, teasingly, "but, you see, the buttons are here and so we have to put up with them. Goodness knows where they'd all go to if we didn't" And then he went off to business and thought no more about buttons—here or anywhere else.

Phil went to school and for the morning he, too, thought no more about buttons. But there was no school that afteroon—teacher's meeting—and every one knows what a nice time that means, for pupils at least. So Phil didn't have to go to school and he could go out into the garden and play in the sunshine.

It was one of those first warm spring days—you know the kind—when you want to sit on the grass and feel the hot sun and the warm earth and just loaf. Phil always liked the garden, but on a first spring day like this he loved it and was only too glad of the chance to spend the afternoon out there.

He sat down on the grass close by the pansy bed and first thing he knew things began to look blurry—of course, he wasn't going to sleep or anything like that! It would be silly to waste a vacation that way! No, he'd stay awake and figure out those buttons; where they could go and what they might do.

And then, all of a sudden there they were. The buttons. Tiny little black buttons that had had the shank broken into two legs; great white buttons with round, round eyes and middle-sized buttons galore. Phil liked the black buttons best, perhaps because they seemed not a bit afraid, but came close up to him as they worked.

"What you doing here, and who are you?" Phil finally decided to ask.

The nearest black button stopped work and looked around.

"Speaking to me?" he asked politely.

"Yes, if you please, you," replied Phil.

"If you know who we are, you'll know what we are doing," answered the little black man, "we're lost shoe buttons."

"Lost shoe buttons!" exclaimed Phil in amazement. "But how do I know what you are doing?"

It was now the turn of the black button to look surprised. "I thought everybody knew that!" he replied. "We're hunting buttons."

"I do that myself," said Phil with interest. "I do it because when I lose a button, mother makes me hunt it to sew back on again. But I don't like to hunt buttons."

"Do you think anybody does?" asked the button men in a chorus.

"Why do you do it then?" asked Phil.

That question brought all the button men and some of the nice white button ladies into the story. They left their work and came and sat down on a grassy place close by.

"You see, it's this way," said one of the shoebutton men. "Buttons have to be on clothes—they just naturally have to be there. And sometimes buttons get lost. When they're lost, then we have to begin work; we have to hunt and hunt and hunt till we can find a place so safe and far away that nobody can find the lost button again ever, ever. And that's hard work."

"Dear me," said Phil, "then why do you do it?"

"Because it's a rule in the button kingdom," said the black button man, "it's a rule. And every time a button gets lost, if the owner doesn't find it right away, then we have to stop our play and hunt for a place to put it where he can never, never, never find it. Serves him right for being heedless. That's the rule!"

Phil looked thoughtfully at the sober buttons before him.

"Then if I loose a button and find it right away, you don't have to bother?" he asked.

The buttons nodded pleasantly.

"And if you watch 'em and see that they are sewed on tight and won't come off," added the black button man, "we love you very much."

"But, gracious!" exclaimed the black button man, "we can't sit around visiting all day, we must get to work."

And with a whisk and a flurry, away they all scampered, over the flower beds, over the toadstools and back of the bushes. How quickly they did tumble about and disappear.

For a long time, Phil sat dreaming, then he said to himself, "Well, anyway, I don't hate buttons any more and I'm going to help the little fellows all I can by not losing any of mine."

Dolly's Party.

DOLLY had invited a number of her friends to spend Friday afternoon on her pretty lawn. It was one of those warm June days and the looked-forward-to romp soon made six weary and hot little girls sink breathless upon the porch steps with the sigh: "Oh let's do something quiet and keep cool!"

"I know just the thing," said Mother, who had been sitting on the porch knitting. "Did you ever play Telegrams?"

"No." "Do show us." "How do you play it?" cried the girls, so Mother explained.

"First, we need paper and pencil," she said. "Next, we need sharp wits and quick thoughts. Now I will begin the game and later you can continue it alone. First I shall tell you a little story which will lead up to the telegram. I shall say ten letters and give you the subject matter of the telegram when it comes into the story, and you must write your message of ten words, each word to begin with a letter that I have named and in the order of naming." The girls giggled; this game sounded like fun. Then Mother began: "Mr. Brown was away from home on a trip. His wife had packed his trunk for him before he left and everything was just where he wanted it when he needed it. But one night cold winds blew up from the north and Mr. Brown found to his dismay that, good packer tho Mrs. Brown was, she had neglected to give him his overcoat. So he hurried to the nearest telegraph station and sent this message. Ready for the letters, girls? Write them down: N P M S W E H C B G!" Six pencils flew over the paper and six little girls sat wrapped in deep thought. At the end of the five-minute "time," Mother cried: "All stop," and each girl in turn had to read her message. How the girls did laugh, and such fun as those telegrams caused. Here are some of them for you to laugh over, too:

No peace must send wrap ere hubby catches bad grippe.

Never packed my shawl will Edna hurry cable black gown.

Now please mail suit within early hour caught bad grouch.

Not possible make shift without even heavy coat bill George's.

Now please Mary send wrap else husband catch bad grippe.

Neglected pack my sacque with every hour catch blacker gloom.

Then Dolly offered to tell the story and the girls played at writing telegrams until Mother came out onto the porch with a tray of cooling lemonade. After the girls had set aside their glasses, Mother proposed a new game. It was called "What would you do if——," and this is the way to play it: Each girl took a piece of paper and wrote on it a number (no two numbers were to be the same) and at the head of the paper she wrote: "What would you do if ——" and underneath she wrote a question. Then the papers were folded and handed to Mother, who redistributed them, and without looking at the question each girl wrote on the back of the paper: "I would ——" and then followed the thing that she would do. Again the papers were folded and given to Mother, who gave them out, one to each girl. "Number 1 read yours," she said, and the girl holding the paper numbered 1 read: "What would you do if William Hohenzollern should come to pay you a visit?" and turning the paper over she read: "I would take him by the hand and lead him to a soda fountain and buy him a lemonade." After the laughter had subsided the girls read the papers in turn according to the numbers on them. Here they are:

What would you do if you fell off the roof? I would read my favorite book until it was time to swim and then I'd dance a jig.

What would you do if you found a million dollars? I would never be the same again.

What would you do if you were left down in school? I would write a letter to Mr. Wilson and ask him to come to my house for tea.

What would you do if you had a half holiday from school? I would cry and promise never to do it again.

Try these games some time with your friends. You will find that they provide no end of laughter and fun.

A Reasoner.

"JOHNNY," said his mother, "you haven't washed the back of your neck. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"What for? I can't see it."

"But other people can."

"They can't unless I turn my back on 'em. And you always told me it was impolite to do that."

Preferred Old Dobbin.

FARMER HAWBUCK regarded the automobile one of his boarders had arrived in with great curiosity.

"What's that thing stuck on the side?"

"Oh, that's a spare tire in case one of the wheels goes wrong."

"Well," said the farmer, "I drove hosses for over fifty years an' I never carried a spare leg for 'em yet."

Ready.

"HAVE you a sweetheart yet, Tommie?" the young lady asked smilingly as she seated herself on the couch beside the 8-year-old heir of the house.

"No, I haven't, so you needn't feel that I'll be doing some other girl a wrong by a little spooning, if that is what you are after," the young man responded cheerfully.

Right at That.

"WHAT is obscurity, Tommie?" the teacher asked.

"It's a place, I guess," Tommie hazarded.

"No, no! Why do you say that?"

"Must be, because that's where a lot of candidates go back to after an election."

HOW TO HEAL LEG SORES.

A new illustrated book sent free to readers by the successful specialist, Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 108, 421 East 11th St., Kansas City, Mo., tells how to be rid of Leg Sores and Varicose Ulcers without pain or knife by using his unique discovery, result of 32 years specializing. Write for your free copy today.—Adv.

GALLSTONE TROUBLES

A new booklet, written by Dr. E. E. Paddock, Box 5 P 201, Kansas City, Mo., tells of improved method of treating catarrhal inflammation of the Gall Bladder and Bile Ducts associated with Gall Stones, from which remarkable results are reported. Write for booklet and free trial plan.—Adv.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.
—Adv.

TO RESIST THE ATTACK—

of the germs of Pneumonia, Grip, Malaria, and many other diseases—means for all of us, fight or die. What is needed most is an increase in the germ-fighting strength. You need to put on *healthy flesh*, rouse the liver to vigorous action, so it will throw off these germs, and purify the blood.

We claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery that it does all this in a way peculiar to itself. It remedies troubles caused by torpid liver or impure blood.

All druggists. Liquid or tablets.

10,000 Army Raincoats New $9.75 Each

Purchased direct from the Surplus Property Division of the Government. These raincoats are made of the very best of quality for the Army by such well known manufacturers as Kling Brothers, U. S. Rubber Co., and the Goodyear Rubber Co., but were received at the Government camps too late for issue to the soldiers. Made up in three styles and three colors, dark gray, light and dark tan. State chest size and we will send you a raincoat that would cost you at retail at least twice our price of $9.75 each. We do not guarantee to give you the exact color and style you request, but we will do our best to fill your order as nearly in accordance with your instructions as possible. If the coat is not entirely satisfactory return it to us and we will refund your money promptly when coat is received. As a matter of good faith mail us a deposit of $1.00 on each coat ordered and they will be shipped to you by express, subject to your inspection, unless otherwise requested. You pay the balance when you have received the raincoat.

Kingsley Army Shoe Company,
3852 Cottage Grove Ave., Dept. R-200, Chicago, Ill.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

AGENTS WANTED

REACH A MAN'S HEART THRU HIS STOMach. The Club Woman's Cook Book, published by the leading club women of the Northwest, contains hundreds of recipes of appetizing dishes, each one a tested and inexpensive recipe, signed by its contributor. No longer necessary to fret when planning your meals. This wonderful cook book will aid you. Indispensable to every housewife. Send no money. A postcard will do. If satisfied pay $1.75. If not, return book. Agents make big money. Address Mrs. Thos. F. Quinby, 2424 Humboldt Av. South, Minneapolis, Minn.

BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. B-162, Dayton, Ohio.

$6,000.00 A YEAR IS YOUR PROFIT FROM 4 sales a day. Davidson sold 96 one week. No experience needed. The Aladdin light is a sensation wherever introduced. 5 times as bright as electric. Won gold medal. Farmers have the money, they need this light and 9 out of 10 will buy. Also big opportunity in small towns and suburbs. Excellent spare time and evening seller. No capital required. Sample on free trial. Write for agency proposition while territory still open. Mantle Lamp Company, 502 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

MAKE BIG MONEY—BE INDEPENDENT. We want 200 men and women to take orders for Cresco raincoats. Quick sellers. Big demand. $16 clear profit on 4 orders per day. Agents make as high as $5,000 a year. Experience not necessary. Sample coat and outfit free. No delivering or collecting. Write us now and start on road to success. Improved Mfg. Co., Dept. E, Ashland, Ohio.

ENORMOUS PROFITS SELLING MADAME Lily's Marcellene hair dressing and skin whitener soap to colored people. Takes like wild fire everywhere. Constant repeater. Cash in on some of this easy money. Write for our attractive proposition. Sent free. Address Tono-Scalpa Co., Inc., 1331 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

SELL WHAT MILLIONS WANT. NEW, wonderful Liberty portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique. Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue free. $100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 12, 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! Orders in every home for our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Large book of samples free to agents. Write today for particulars. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. P 2, 425 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT. TWO coats in one. One side dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Not sold in stores. Big commission. Samples furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 109 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS: WE WANT 1 RELIABLE AGENT in your district to introduce a noncompetetive necessity to homes and dealers. We help you become a sanitary expert. Ideal Disinfectant Corporation, 402 West 35th Street, New York.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

TIRE AGENTS. EXCLUSIVE REPRESENtatives to use and sell the new Mellinger Extra-Ply Tires. (No seconds.) Guarantee bond 8000 miles. Wholesale prices. Sample sections furnished. Mellinger Tire Co., 972 Oak, Kansas City, Missouri.

AGENTS: $40 A WEEK SELLING GUARANteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 111, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-Use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS: TO SELL NON ALCOHOLIC flavoring extracts, perfumes and everyday household necessities. Free particulars on how we start you in business. Brown Chemical Company, Dept. 201, St. Louis, Mo.

SELL INSYDE TYRES, GENUINE INNER armor for auto tires; double mileage; prevents punctures and blowouts; tremendous demand. American Accessories Company, Dept. T-452, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BIG PROFITS SELLING DUPLEX TRANSformers. Every auto owner needs them. Save gas. Banish spark plug trouble. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 222 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

$11.00 A DAY FOR 5 HOURS WORK. New Method—no capital required—no deliveries—no delays—just take orders and bank big profits. Davis Products Co., Dept. 461, Chicago.

AGENTS—SELL OUR AUTOMATIC CIGARette case; hands out one cigarette at a time; sample 50c. Patent Products Co., 210 Hewes St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SELL NECESSITIES; EVERYBODY NEEDS and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800 in 30 days. Send for sample; it's free. Nichols Co., Naperville, Ill., Dept. 8B.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

WAR PICTURES—LARGE 22-28 INCHES —beautiful colors, 3 for $1.00. Crescent Portrait Studio, 1340 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ills.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE SAMPLE TO REAL AGENTS; AN ARticle every civilized man needs; sell stores also; big profits. Bennett Bros., 7 Beverly St., Providence, R. I.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

SELL NEWLITE BEAUTY DIAMONDS. REsemble $350 genuine diamond. Free offer. Leonard Newton, 332 South LaSalle, Chicago.

AGENTS, SELL FENOFURH; GOOD PAY. Write Lapellam Lab'y, Reynoldsville, Pa.

HELP WANTED

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

MALE HELP WANTED

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS EARN from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for booklet CM-12, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

REPRESENTATIVE WANTED, EXPERIence unnecessary. We sell any correspondence course or educational books published for one half regular price. We also buy used correspondence courses. Economy Educator Service, 1664 Broadway, New York.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

SUCCESS! MEN-BOYS! BECOME DETECtives. Interesting profession. Correspondence course $3. Manning's Institute, Tappahannock, Virginia.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000, Lucas, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, $250-$300, RAILroads everywhere, experience unnecessary. (Which position?) Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BECOME DETECTIVE—BIG PAY; EASY work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 E. 79th, New York.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Govt. detective, 100 St. Louis.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS NEEDED everywhere. Particulars free. Write Modern Institute, Dept. 44, Denver, Colo.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LEARN DRESS-COSTUME DESIGNING AND making. Designers earn $45.00 week up. Easy. Fascinating. Women-girls, 15 up. Design and make your family dresses. Start parlors at your homes. Sample home study lessons—free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E854, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

LEARN SHORTHAND AT HOME. BEST system; easily learned. Write for sample lesson and circular. Keystone Correspondence Institute, Box B, Olyphant, Pa.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS ARE FINE! $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box J, Rochester, N. Y.

PATENTS

PATENT—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CONtains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

SCENTS—LURES

TRAPPERS. CATCH MORE GAME. USE "Trappers Friend." Game lure. Trial order 75c. Agents wanted. N. E. Johnson, B904 Valley, Nebr.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BUY AN OIL LEASE. $10 BUYS FIVE acres Texas field; Desdiamonia leases sold 75c, now worth $10,000 per acre; Carter paid 75c per acre and sold for $8,000 per acre; Texas-Rainbow End now opening up shows same geological formation as proven territory; leases here may jump any price with first well coming in; it's a speculation, but the kind of speculation that has made many small investors rich; the Fortune Oil Co. started in by several men pooling $400 in leases, sold out recently for a million dollars; if you don't understand lease business, we will gladly explain all details; remit $10 for five acres; we send you legal lease form and keep you in touch with developments; send name for free map and full information. Rainbow's End Co., 707 Herskowitz Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly possibly more. You get Warranty Deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Souriake Texas Oil Co., 308 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

AN INITIAL INVESTMENT OF FIVE DOLlars may make you rich. Secured by deed to land and interest in oil wells. Write me at once for full particulars. M. F. Hinckley, Beatty Bldg., Houston, Texas, Dept. A.

300% ANNUALLY—SAFE AS A BANK. Investments of $15 upwards accepted. Write 607 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR SALE

HOW TO WRITE SUCCESSFUL LETTERS—complete instruction course including 500 successful letters. Wonderful 48-page book free. Address Desk 102, Opportunity Press, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York.

21 JEWEL WATCH $4.99! ALL MAKES about half regular price. Agents wanted. List free. Rex Co., Andover, Ohio.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

SONG POEMS WANTED

WRITE A SONG POEM—I COMPOSE MUsic and guarante publication. Send poem today. E. Hanson, 3310 Broadway, Room 113, Chicago.

HIBBELER'S VALUABLE INFORMATION to song poem writers, 10c. Ray Hibbeler, D45, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS!—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

TRICKS—GAMES

MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY, 28c; joker's exploding deck, 38c; trick perfume bottle, 8c; look-backs, 8c; "125 Card Tricks," 22c; "250 Parlor Tricks," 7c. Many other record-breaking bargains in my latest illustrated catalog of pocket tricks, jokes, puzzles and imported novelties. Send 6c for catalog and "10 Select Card Tricks." Lyle Douglas, Station A-1, Dallas, Texas.

BASEBALL WITH DECK OF CARDS sweeps America. Snappy, exciting, realistic. Particulars free. Lachlan, Box 484, Victoria, B. C.

MAGIC GOODS, CARDS, GAMES, BOOKS, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Edina, Mo.

TRICKS, JOKES, MAGIC, PUZZLES. Illustrated catalog for stamp. G. Fenner, 2401 Jefferson, Louisville, Ky.

BIG BOOK GAMES, TRICKS, MAGIC, ENtertainment, 10c. Catalogs for stamp. Harvey Teeple, Publisher, Decatur, Indiana.

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone, tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROYalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED

WANT TO HEAR FROM OWNER HAVING grocery store or other business for sale. State cash price and particulars. John J. Black, 79th St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

PHOTOGRAPHY

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PERSONAL—(Continued.)

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HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE there are fine fuzzy roots, $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 378A Pleasant Ave., St. Paul, Minn. References: Commercial State Bank.

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RETIRED FARMER, WORTH $80,000, wants wife. G-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

BUSINESS MAN, 35, WORTH $80,000, would marry. D-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

PIMPLES: ACNE SUCCESSFULLY TREATed. Booklet for stamp. Dr. Rodgers, 136 East 47th St., Chicago.

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